
T H E

CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *May*, 1757.

ARTICLE I.

Orlando Furioso, by *Ludovico Ariosto*, in *Italian and English*.

Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut Magus, & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis. HOR.

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THOUGH this work was printed before the Critical Review commenced, it did not appear in public till the year 1756, and therefore it falls properly under our cognizance. We ought to make an apology to our readers for having hitherto delayed giving our remarks on a production of such importance. But, the truth is, it escaped our notice so long that we feared it would be looked upon as a stale subject, and should have left it untouched, had not we from a casual perusal found we could not be guilty of such omission, without injustice to the translator, and prejudice to the public.

We do not here pretend to give a critique upon the original poem of Ariosto, whom all Italy has dignified with the title of *Omero Ferrarese*, and the epithet *Divino*. His amazing richness and luxuriancy of invention, his dazzling imagery, his enchanting numbers, his humour, satire and morality. his vigour, fire and enthusiasm blended in the richest poetical tissue that ever was wrought, have long attracted the admiration and almost the adoration of every person endued with sensibility, and acquainted with the language in which he wrote. Rolli says, 'there never was so long a poem as *Orlando Furioso*, but I never yet heard of any body that read it, even in translations, who did not regret that it was no longer.' Indeed, it is impossible to read it, without being seized

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with some part of the author's enthusiasm. This the translator has caught in a very eminent degree. His regard to Ariosto amounts even to a superstitious punctilio; insomuch that he seems to think it a kind of sacrilege to part with the most inconsiderable particle in his version of the poem. Such a scrupulous veneration has laid him under the necessity of using transpositions, that in some places stiffen the work, and give it an uncouth appearance to a superficial reader. But, whoever will attentively consider the nature of the undertaking, and compare the English with the Italian *franzas*, must not only be pleased, but even astonished at the execution. The more he reads, he will be the more delighted; that air of constraint will lose its effect, and even be improved in his imagination to a venerable idea, such as is impressed by the formal garb of our ancestors. Perhaps the translator has used too much freedom in lengthening and abbreviating names, altering the quantity of syllables occasionally, and adopting Italian words, such as *pont* for bridge, and *brand* for sword; though this last hath been used by some of our old English poets; we are likewise dubious about the word *dumb-found*, which is never used but by the vulgar, and generally in a ludicrous acceptation; but all these liberties are excusable, in consideration of the stupendous work he has finished. If we lay aside the modern pedantry of criticism, if we remember the good-natured maxims of Horace,

———*ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis*

Offendar maculis———

———*verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum;*

and suppose ourselves carried back to the age in which Ariosto wrote, we shall, in reading this translation, persuade ourselves into a belief, that we are perusing an original work of Spencer. What Harrington published as a translation of Orlando Furioso, scarcely deserves that name. He has perverted the sense of his author, mutilated his meaning in numberless instances, and omitted stanzas by wholesale. The design of our modern translator, was to naturalize Ariosto in an English dress; to exhibit him *in propria personâ* as far as the necessary change of drapery would admit; and this task he has punctually performed. In his copy he has preserved every feature and lineament of the original; and a person of tolerable talents and application may by this production only, make himself master of the Italian language. In his judicious preface he has assigned his reasons for preferring the stanza to the heroic measure, enumerated the difficulties he had to encounter in the execution of the work, asserted the superiority of the author's talents above all his countrymen, and presented us with the following pretty piece of poetical machinery.

' A D R E A M.

- ' In sleep profound involv'd, at dead of night,
- ' Methought—what cannot fancy see?—a spright

' Drew

' Drew ope my curtains ; but with looks so mild,
 ' No dread alarm'd me, and no horror chill'd :
 ' From fears, that flesh is heir to, quite serene,
 ' As if on double-head Parnass I'd been.
 ' The awful shade, contemplating more near,
 ' Did, above all I e'er conceiv'd, appear ;
 ' A garland round his temples fair did shine,
 ' Wherein each muse did diff'rent rays entwine ;
 ' Majestick, save when he would deign to smile,
 ' And glances give, which must the heart beguile.
 ' Mæconides did to my mind arise ;
 ' But that, forbad the lustre of his eyes :
 ' The Mantuan then his well-turn'd features show ;
 ' But here I found superior graces glow :
 ' Then of the Lyrick I some features spy'd ;
 ' But such resemblance his vast height deny'd.
 ' The dagger, mask, and lyre, which round him shone,
 ' And ornaments, talk'd of at Helicon,
 ' On multitudes bestow'd, he bore alone. }
 ' My mind in pain to guess, methought the ghost,
 ' Nodding benign, said, " Know thy Ariost' :
 ' " Thy painful pencil, Copy't, still pursue,
 ' " My portrait shall immortal render you ;
 ' " Nor be alarm'd, your British dress I wear ;
 ' " My subject, as I meant, shall please the fair :
 ' " Content you with my nation's thanks alone ;
 ' " I only wish, by yours I may be known."

In his preface too he obviates all the objections that could be made with any shadow of reason, to the manner of his translation : In the Prolegomenon, written since the first Impression of the book, he owns he had discovered some lapses in the work ; in his ingenious annotations on the different causes subjoined, he obliges the public with a good number of amendments ; and these he concludes with a very curious conjecture touching the latent meaning of that passage in Virgil, in which Turnus is represented throwing a stone, which twelve chosen men of the present age could scarcely lift. He supposes that as the commonwealth was typified in the person of Turnus, this passage alluded to the laws of the twelve tables constituted by the Decemviri, for the preservation of the liberties of the Roman people, or had relation to the numerous efforts which were exerted for the support of the commonwealth in its pristine establishment. That the reader may judge for himself on the merits of this performance, we shall select some short specimens of it, confronted with the original, in the different styles of writing so happily adapted by Ariosto. The following is a noble and sublime description of Orlando's frenzy.

‘ Afflitto, e stanco al fin cade ne l'erba ;
 ‘ E ficca gli occhi al cielo, e non fa motto.
 ‘ Senza cibo, e dormir così si ferba,
 ‘ Che'l sole esce tre volte, e torna sotto.
 ‘ Di crescer non cessò la pena acerba.
 ‘ Che fuor del senno al fin l'ebbe condotto,
 ‘ Il quarto dì da gran furor commosso
 ‘ E maglie, e piastre si stracciò di dosso.
 ‘ Tir'd and afflicted, on the grass now lain,
 ‘ He fix'd his eyes to heav'n, nor word he said ;
 ‘ Without or food or sleep does thus remain,
 ‘ Till Sol three times came forth, thrice hid his head :
 ‘ Nor to increase forbore his bitter pain,
 ‘ Which him, at last, from out his senses led :
 ‘ On the fourth day, mov'd by his fury vast,
 ‘ His armour torn from off his back he cast.

‘ Quì riman l'elmo, e là riman lo scudo,
 ‘ Lontan gli arnesi, più lontan l'usbergo.
 ‘ L'arme sue tutte in somma vi concludo,
 ‘ Avean pel bosco differente albergo.
 ‘ E poi si squarciò i panni, e mostrò ignudo
 ‘ L'ispido ventre, e tutto'l petto, e'l tergo.
 ‘ E cominciò la gran follia si orrenda,
 ‘ Che de la più non farà mai, ch'intenda.
 ‘ Here lay his helmet, there his buckler lay,
 ‘ Far off his trappings, corslet yet more far ;
 ‘ Each part of armour, finally I say,
 ‘ Did thro' the forest diff'rent quarters share :
 ‘ And then he tears his cloaths, and does display
 ‘ His bristled belly, back and breast quite bare,
 ‘ And such great, horrid madness 'gan to show,
 ‘ The greatest part no one shall ever know.

‘ In tanta rabbia, in tanto furor venne,
 ‘ Che rimase offuscato in ogni senso.
 ‘ Di tor la spada in man non gli sovvenne,
 ‘ Che fatte avria mirabil cose penso.
 ‘ Ma nè quella, nè scure, nè bipenne
 ‘ Era bisogno à suo vigore immenso.
 ‘ Quivi fè ben de le sue pruove eccelse,
 ‘ Ch'un alto pino al primo crollo svelse,
 ‘ Into such rage, such fury vast he got,
 ‘ That darken'd he remain'd in ev'ry sense :
 ‘ To take his sword in hand he never thought,
 ‘ Or acts h' 'ad done of wond'rous violence ;

‘ But

- ‘ But that, or axe or hatchet needed not,
- ‘ Where vigour was already so immense :
- ‘ Here he gave instance of his prowess rare,
- ‘ At first crash lofty pine he up did tear :

- ‘ E svelse dopo il primo altri parecchi ;
- ‘ Come fosser finocchi, ebuli, ò aneti :
- ‘ E fe’ il simil di quercie, e dolmi vecchi,
- ‘ Di faggi, e d’orni, e d’ilici, e d’abeti.
- ‘ Quel, ch’un uccellator, che s’apparecchi
- ‘ Il campo mondo, fa, per por le reti,
- ‘ De i giunchi, e de le stoppie, e de l’ortiche ;
- ‘ Facea di cerri, e d’altre piante antiche.

- ‘ And, after that, numbers of others tears,
- ‘ As they were fennel, dill, dwarf-elder, each ;
- ‘ So does with oaks and elms, immense with years,
- ‘ With fir-trees, chesnuts, and the holm and beech.
- ‘ That which the fowler does, when he prepares
- ‘ To clear away the field, his nets to stretch,
- ‘ With furze and nettles, and with rushes slight,
- ‘ He did with trees of ancient growth and height.

- ‘ I pastor, che sentito anno il fracasso,
- ‘ Lasciando il gregge sparso à la foresta
- ‘ Chi di quà, chi di là, tutti à gran passo
- ‘ Ne vengono à veder che cosa è questa.
- ‘ Ma son giunto à quel segno, il qual s’io passo ;
- ‘ Vi potria la mia istoria esser molesta.
- ‘ Ed io la vo più tosto differire,
- ‘ Che v’abbia per lunghezza à fastidire.

- ‘ The shepherds, who had heard the ruin vast,
- ‘ Leaving their flocks about the forest free,
- ‘ From this side and from that, in utmost haste,
- ‘ Come thither, what the matter is, to see.
- ‘ But to the point I’m come, which if ’tis pass’d,
- ‘ Irksome to you may prove my history ;
- ‘ And rather to postpone it I desire,
- ‘ Than, by the length, be likely you to tire.’

The narrow bounds to which we have limited ourselves, will not allow us to insert the facetious tale or episode of Astulpho, king of Lombardy ; which is one of the severest satires that ever was composed against the female sex. But, we will indulge the reader with the decisive battle between Ruggier, the favourite hero of the poet, and his furious adversary the Pagan king Mandricard, fought in the public lists appointed by agreement, in sight of the Saracen army.

' Posti lor furo, ed allacciati in testa
 ' I lucidi elmi, ed date lor le lanciae.
 ' Segue la tromba à dare il segno presta,
 ' Che fece à mille impallidir le guancie.
 ' Posero l'aste i cavalieri in resta,
 ' E i corridori punsero à le pance,
 ' E venner con tale impeto à ferirsi,
 ' Che parve il ciel cader, la terra aprirsi.

' To them were giv'n their lances ; and put on,
 ' And lac'd about their heads their helmets bright ;
 ' The trumpet follow'd, to give signal, soon,
 ' Which made a thousand faces change to white :
 ' Each knight into the rest his spear puts down,
 ' And his steed's paunches with his spurs does smite,
 ' And of such force with blows each other cope,
 ' That heaven seems to fall, the earth to ope.

' Quinci, e quindi venir si vede il bianco
 ' Augel, che Giove per l'aria sostiene,
 ' Come ne la Tessaglia si vide anco
 ' Venir più volte, ma con altre penne.
 ' Quanto fia l'uno, e l'altro ardito, e franco,
 ' Mostra il portar de le massiccie antenne :
 ' E molto più, ch'à quello incontro duro,
 ' Qual torri à i venti, ò scogli à l'onde furo.

' This way and that, now the white bird you see,
 ' Accustom'd, Jove to carry thro' the air ;
 ' As even yet he's seen in Thessaly
 ' Often to come, but diff'rent wings does wear.
 ' How one and t' other are both bold and free,
 ' The massy beams demonstrate which they bear ;
 ' And much more, that, at this encounter rude,
 ' Like tow'rs 'gainst winds, like rocks 'gainst waves, they stood.

' I tronchi fin'al ciel ne sono ascesi,
 ' Scrive Turpin verace in questo luoco ;
 ' Che dui ò tre giù ne tornaro accesi,
 ' Ch'eran saliti à la sfera del fuoco.
 ' I cavalieri i brandi aveano presi ;
 ' E, come quei, che si temeano poco,
 ' Si ritornaro incontra, e à prima giunta
 ' Ambì à la vista si ferir di punta.

' Their splinter'd spears mount up to heaven's height ;
 ' In this place Turpin does the truth declare,
 ' That two or three descend in flaming light,
 ' As they had risen to the fiery sphere.

' His

- ‘ His shining blade now grasped had each knight ;
- ‘ And they, as such that knew but little fear,
- ‘ They wheel about, and at their meeting fierce,
- ‘ Both, with their points, their vizors try’d to pierce.

- ‘ Ferirsi à la visiera al primo tratto,
- ‘ E non cercaron, per mettersi in terra,
- ‘ Dare à i cavalli morte ; ch’è mal’atto,
- ‘ Perch’essi non han colpa de la guerra.
- ‘ Chi pensa, che tra lor fosse tal patto,
- ‘ Non sa l’usanza antica, e di molto erra.
- ‘ Senz’altro patto era vergogna, e fallo,
- ‘ E biasmo eterno à chi feria il cavallo.

- ‘ They hit their vizors when they first attack’d,
- ‘ And, to cast down each other, did not aim
- ‘ To kill their horses ; that’s an evil act,
- ‘ For they in war no share had of the blame ;
- ‘ Who thinks amongst them they e’er made such pact,
- ‘ Errs, as to antient use, nor knows the same,
- ‘ Without a contract, ’twas a shame and crime,
- ‘ And, who should wound a horse had lasting blame on him.

- ‘ Ferirsi à la visiera, ch’era doppia,
- ‘ Ed à pena anco à tanta furia resse.
- ‘ L’un colpo appresso à l’altro si raddoppia :
- ‘ Le botte più che grandine son spesse,
- ‘ Che spesse fronde, e rami, e grano, e stoppia
- ‘ E uscìr in van fa la sperata messe.
- ‘ Se Durindana, e Balisarda taglia,
- ‘ Sapete, e quanto in queste mani vaglia.

- ‘ They hit their vizors, which were double plate,
- ‘ And yet could scarce such fury vast sustain :
- ‘ One blow upon another they repeat,
- ‘ The strokes, more thick than hail, fall down amain ;
- ‘ Which down the leaves, boughs, shrubs, and corn does beat,
- ‘ And makes the wish’d-for harvest turn out vain.
- ‘ If Durindan and Balisard can cut,
- ‘ You know, and how, when in such hands they’re put.

- ‘ Ma degno di se colpo ancor non fanno,
- ‘ Sì l’uno e l’altro ben sta sù l’avviso.
- ‘ Uscì da Mandricardo il primo danno,
- ‘ Per cui fu quasi il buon Ruggiero ucciso.
- ‘ D’uno di quei gran colpi, che far fanno,
- ‘ Gli fu lo scudo per mezzo diviso,
- ‘ E la corazza apertagli di sotto ;
- ‘ E fin sùl vivo il crudel brando ha rotto.

' But, worthy of them, yet, they make no blow
 ' So well they both upon their guard remain :
 ' From Mandricard came forth the primal woe,
 ' By which the brave Ruggier was almost slain.
 ' From one of those grand strokes, to make they know,
 ' His shield was thro' the middle cut in twain,
 ' And underneath lay'd open his cuirass ;
 ' Then to the quick the cruel sword did pass.

' L'aspra percossa agghiacciò il cor nel petto
 ' Per dubbio di Ruggiero à i circostanti.
 ' Nel cui favor sì conosceva lo effetto
 ' De i più inchinar, se non di tutti quanti.
 ' E se fortuna ponesse ad effetto
 ' Quel, che la maggior parte vorria inanti,
 ' Già Mandricardo saria morto, ò preso ;
 ' Sì quel suo colpo ha tutto'l campo offeso.

' The blow severe the heart in each breast froze
 ' O' th' standers by, now for Ruggier in doubt ;
 ' For whose success, th' affection, each one knows,
 ' Of most inclin'd, if not of all throughout :
 ' And did but fortune in effect dispose,
 ' What greatest part before in wishes fought,
 ' Ere now had Mandricard been dead, or seiz'd ;
 ' So much his stroke had all around displeas'd.

' Io crede, che qualche angel s'interpose
 ' Per salvar da quel colpo il cavaliere.
 ' Ma ben senza più indugio gli rispose,
 ' Terribil più che mai fosse, Ruggiero.
 ' La spada in capo à Mandricardo pose ;
 ' Ma sì lo sdegno fu subito, e fiero,
 ' E tal fretta gli fe, ch'io men l'incolpo,
 ' Se non mandò à ferir di taglio il colpo.

' I think some angel stept into the way,
 ' To save, from that dire stroke, the cavalier :
 ' But to him answer'd well, without delay,
 ' More terrible than e'er he was, Ruggier :
 ' His sword on th' head of Mandricard did lay,
 ' But so his rage was sudden and severe,
 ' And so much haste he made, less blame I throw,
 ' He sent not, with the edge to strike, the blow.

' Se Balifarda lo giungea pel dritto,
 ' L'elmo d'Ettore era incantato in vano.
 ' Fu sì del colpo Mandricardo afflitto,
 ' Che si lasciò la briglia uscir di mano.

' D'andar

‘ D’andar tre volte accenna à capo fitto,
 ‘ Mentre scorrendo va d’intorno il piano
 ‘ Quel Brigliador, che conoscete al nome;
 ‘ Dolente ancor de la mutate some.

‘ Had Balifard right passage to him found,
 ‘ In vain was Hector’s Helmet fated so:
 ‘ So stunn’d was Mandricardo by the wound,
 ‘ That, from his hand, the bridle he let go.
 ‘ Three times he signal made to fall to ground:
 ‘ Around the piazza, scouring on, went now
 ‘ That Brigliador, by name to you well known,
 ‘ Who, for his burthen chang’d, ev’n yet did moan.

‘ Calcata serpe mai tanto non ebbe,
 ‘ Nè ferito leon sdegno, e furore,
 ‘ Quanto il Tartaro poi, che si riebbe
 ‘ Dal colpo, che di se lo trasse fuore:
 ‘ E quanto l’ira, e la superbia crebbe;
 ‘ Tanto, e più crebbe in lui forza, e valore.
 ‘ Fece spiccar à Brigliadoro un salto
 ‘ Verso Ruggiero, e alzò la spada in alto.

‘ The trodden serpent ne’er such rage immense,
 ‘ Nor wounded lion e’er had such disdain,
 ‘ As had the Tartar; now come to his sense
 ‘ From that stroke, which him from himself had ta’en;
 ‘ And as his pride increas’d, and the offence,
 ‘ So force and valour grew in him again:
 ‘ He makes, a leap dart forward Brigliador
 ‘ Tow’rds Ruggier, and on high his weapon bore.

‘ Levossi in sù le stasse, ed à l’elmetto
 ‘ Segnolli, e si credette veramente
 ‘ Partirlo à quella volta sin’al petto:
 ‘ Ma fu di lui Ruggier più diligente,
 ‘ Che pria, che’l braccio scenda al duro effetto
 ‘ Gli caccia sotto la spada pungente;
 ‘ E gli fa ne la maglia ampia finestra,
 ‘ Che sotto difendea l’ascella destra.

‘ He on his stirrups rose, and stroke he try’d,
 ‘ Just on his helmet; and with surety meant,
 ‘ Down to his breast this time him to divide:
 ‘ But Ruggier was than him more diligent,
 ‘ And ere his arm fell, to such ill apply’d,
 ‘ His poignant weapon underneath him sent;
 ‘ And in his coat of mail wide op’ning made,
 ‘ Which his right arm-pit to defend was laid.

' E Balifarda al suo ritorno trasse
 ' Di fuori il sangue tepido, e vermiglio :
 ' E vietò à Durindana, che calasse
 ' Impetuosa con tanto periglio ;
 ' Benche fin sù la groppa si piegasse
 ' Ruggiero, e per dolor stringesse il ciglio,
 ' E s'elmo in capo avea di peggior tempre,
 ' Gli era quel colpo memorabil sempre.

' And Balifard, at its returning, rent
 ' From thence the crimson blood with tepid vein :
 ' And forbids Durindan, in its descent
 ' Impetuous, such peril to maintain :
 ' Tho' himself almost to the crupper bent
 ' Ruggier, and did his brow contract with pain,
 ' And of worse temper were his helmet wrought,
 ' This blow by him had never been forgot.

' Ruggier non cessa ; e spinge il suo cavallo.
 ' E Mandricardo al destro fianco trova,
 ' Quivi scelta finezza di metallo,
 ' E ben condotta tempra poco giova
 ' Contra la spada, che mai non scende in fallo,
 ' Che fu incantata non per altra prova,
 ' Che per far, ch'à suoi colpi nulla vaglia
 ' Piastra incantata, ed incantata maglia.

' Ruggier ne'er ceas'd, and press'd his palfrey on,
 ' And Mandricard's left side he did invade ;
 ' There chosen steel, where finest polish shone,
 ' And well-conducted temper, gave no aid
 ' Against that sword, that ne'er in vain falls down,
 ' And for no other proof was fated made,
 ' Than to cause 'gainst its strokes should nought avail,
 ' Enchanted breast-plate and enchanted mail.

' Taglione quanto ella ne prese, e insieme
 ' Lasciò ferito il Tartaro nel fianco ;
 ' Che'l ciel bestemmia, e di tant'ira freme,
 ' Che'l tempestoso mare è orribil manco ,
 ' Or s'apparecchia à por le forze estreme.
 ' Lo scudo, ove in azurro è l'angel bianco,
 ' Vinto da sdegno si gittò lontano ;
 ' E mise al brando e l'una e l'altra mano.

' It cut where-e'er it took, nor e'er gave o'er,
 ' Till in the Tartar's flank it left a wound ;
 ' Who, heav'n blaspheming, did with fury roar,
 ' The sea tempestuous does less horrid sound :

' Now

‘ Now he prepar’d to use his utmost pow’r;
 ‘ The shield, with eagle white on azure ground,
 ‘ O’ercome with rage, far from him casts away,
 ‘ And to his weapon both his hands does lay.

‘ Ah, disse à lui Ruggier, senza più, basti
 ‘ A mostrar, che non meriti quella insegna;
 ‘ C’or tu la getti, e dianzi la tagliasti,
 ‘ Nè potrai dir mai più, che ti convegna.
 ‘ Così dicendo forza è, ch’egli attasti
 ‘ Con quanta furia Durindana vegna;
 ‘ Che sì gli grava, e sì gli pesa in fronte,
 ‘ Che più leggier potea cadervi un monte.

‘ Ah! to him said Ruggier, enough you’ve shown,
 ‘ That you this ensign merit not to bear,
 ‘ Which you before have cut, now from you thrown,
 ‘ Nor that it suits you can you more declare:
 ‘ To him thus speaking was by force made known,
 ‘ With how great fury Durindan came there,
 ‘ Which heavy prov’d, and weigh’d so on his front,
 ‘ That lighter on him could have fall’n a mount.

‘ E per mezzo gli fende la visiera:
 ‘ Buon per lui, che dal viso si discosta:
 ‘ Poi calò sù l’arcion, che ferrato era,
 ‘ Nè lo difese averne doppia crosta.
 ‘ Giunse al fin sù l’arnese; e come cera,
 ‘ L’aperse con la falda sopra posta;
 ‘ E ferì gravemente ne la coscia
 ‘ Ruggier, sì ch’affai stette à guarrir poscia.

‘ And thro’ his vizir cleft itself convey’d,
 ‘ Well for him that it went beside his face:
 ‘ Then on his saddle fell, of iron made,
 ‘ Nor him defends, tho’ double coat it has;
 ‘ Then on his armour fell; it open laid,
 ‘ As ’t had been wax, tho’ plated on that place,
 ‘ And on his thigh so grievously it smote
 ‘ Ruggier, long time ’twas, ere to rights he got.

‘ De l’un, come de l’altro, fatto rosse
 ‘ Il sangue l’arme avea con doppia riga:
 ‘ Tal, che diverso era il parer, chi fosse
 ‘ Di lor c’avesse il meglio in quella briga.
 ‘ Ma quel dubbio Ruggier tosto rimosse
 ‘ Con la spada che tanti ne castiga,
 ‘ Mena di punta; e drizza il colpo crudo,
 ‘ Onde gittato avea colui lo scudo.’

‘ Of

' Of one and t'other now vermilion grown
 ' The armour was, with double stream of blood ;
 ' That 'mongst them diff'rent was th' opinion,
 ' In the dispute, which on best footing stood.
 ' But this their doubt Ruggier removed soon
 ' With his good blade, which many had subdu'd ;
 ' Aims with the point, and guides the cruel blow,
 ' From whence had cast away his shield the foe.

' Fora de la corazza il lato manco,
 ' E di venire al cor trova la strada,
 ' Che gli entra più d'un palmo sopra il fianco
 ' Sì, che convien, che Mandricardo cada
 ' D'ogni ragion, che può ne l'augel bianco,
 ' O, che può aver ne la famosa spada ;
 ' E de la cara vita cada insieme,
 ' Che più, che spada, e scudo assai gli preme.

' Of his cuirass the left side he does bore,
 ' And at his heart to pass found out the way,
 ' That 'bove his flank it went a palm or more,
 ' So that now Mandricard aside must lay
 ' All thoughts, by him the white bird could be wore,
 ' Or that he could the famous sword display :
 ' And his dear life must with them down be laid,
 ' Much more important than a shield or blade.

' Nè morì quel meschin senza vendetta :
 ' Ch'à quel medesimo tempo, che fu colto,
 ' La spada, poco sua, menò di fretta ;
 ' Ed à Ruggiero avria partito il volto,
 ' Se già Ruggier non gli avesse intercetta
 ' Prima la forza, e assai del vigor tolto ;
 ' Di forza, e di vigor troppo gli tolse
 ' Dianzi, che sotto il destro braccio il colse.

' The wretch without his vengeance did not die ;
 ' For, at the self-same time that he was hit,
 ' The sword, but little his, he swift lets fly,
 ' And of Ruggier the visage he had split,
 ' If Ruggier had not the first force put by,
 ' And great deal of the vigour ta'en from it ;
 ' His force and vigour much from him he took
 ' Before, when under his right arm he struck.

' Da Mandricardo fu Ruggier percosso
 ' Nel punto, ch'egli à lui tolse la vita :
 ' Tal ch'un cerchio di ferro, anco che grosso,
 ' E una cuffia d'acciar ne fu partita.

' Durindana

' Durindana tagliò cotenna, ed offò,
 ' E nel capo à Ruggier entrò due dita.
 ' Ruggier stordito in terra si riverfa,
 ' E di sangue un ruscel dal capo versa.

' A blow, by Mandricard, Ruggier was smote,
 ' The instant he from him his life had ta'en,
 ' Such that an iron circle, tho' 'twas stout,
 ' And steely net-work, thence was cleft in twain.
 ' Membrane and bone did Durindana cut,
 ' And Ruggier's head, two fingers, enter'd in :
 ' Ruggier, quite stunn'd, lay on the earth revers'd,
 ' And, from his skull, of blood a river burst.

' Il prima fu Ruggier, ch'andò per terra :
 ' E di poi stette l'altro à cader tanto,
 ' Che quasi crede ognun, che de la guerra
 ' Riporti Mandricardo il pregio, e il vanto ;
 ' E Doralice sua, che con gli altri erra,
 ' E, che quel dì più volte ha riso, e pianto,
 ' Dio ringraziò con manj al ciel supine,
 ' C'avesse avuta la pugna tal fine.

' The first to earth descending was Ruggier ;
 ' And t'other stay'd so long ere he fell down,
 ' That almost all believ'd, that of the war
 ' Mandricard bore the palm and the renown :
 ' His Dor'lice too, who with the rest did err,
 ' And who, that day, oft chang'd her smile to frown,
 ' With hands supine, to heav'n her thanks did send,
 ' For that this battle had so happy end.

' Ma poi, ch'appare à manifesti segni
 ' Vivo chi vive, e senza vita il morto ;
 ' Ne i petti de i fautor mutano regni,
 ' Di là mestizia, e di quà vien conforto.
 ' I Re, i signor, i cavalier più degni
 ' A Ruggier, ch'à fatica era risorto,
 ' A rallegrarsi, ed abbracciarli vanno :
 ' E gloria senza fine, e onor gli danno.

' But when 'twas seen, by tokens manifest,
 ' Alive who lives, and without life the dead,
 ' The sway was chang'd in each the fav'rer's breast,
 ' From this side, sorrow, from that, comfort, fled ;
 ' The kings, the lords, and knights the worthiest
 ' To Ruggier, who, with pain, now rais'd his head,
 ' To shew their gladness and embrace him go,
 ' Highly applaud him, and great rev'rence show.'

The

The reader will perceive, even in these short samples, that if the translator has sometimes fallen short of his original in harmony and elegance, he has notwithstanding excelled him in strength and impetuosity, as in these four lines :

- ‘ One blow upon another they repeat,
- ‘ The strokes, more thick than hail, fall down amain ;
- ‘ Which down the leaves, boughs, shrubs, and corn does beat,
- ‘ And makes the wish’d-for harvest turn out vain.

If Ariosto resembles Ruggier in skill and dexterity, his translator may be compared to Mandricard in force and prowess. The first fights in enchanted armour, the other in a polished suit of English metal. The Italian wields an irresistible Ferrara, the translator brandishes a well-tempered blade of Birmingham. In a word, we hazard nothing in pronouncing the English Orlando Furioso, one of the best and most useful translations that have appeared in our language.

ART. II. *Remarks on Mr. David Hume's Essay on the Natural History of Religion : Addressed to the Rev. Dr. Warburton.* 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Cooper.

THIS little pamphlet of seventy-six pages contains some short, but severe strictures on Mr. David Hume, addressed to the learned Dr. Warburton, with whose works our author seems to be intimately acquainted. He hath therefore professedly copied that ingenious writer's turn of thinking and expression, which he has done, as the Italians say, *con amore*. Whether the copy is exact, or, to use the painters phrase, is done after the doctor's best manner or not, our readers will be able to determine by the following specimen :

- ‘ The thing (says the writer of this pamphlet, meaning Mr.
- ‘ Hume's essay) is full of curiosities, and the very title-page de-
- ‘ mands our attention. It is called *The natural history of religion*.
- ‘ You ask, why he chuses to give it this title? Would not the
- ‘ *Moral history of meteors* be full as sensible as the *Natural history of*
- ‘ *religion*? Without doubt. Indeed had he given the history of
- ‘ what he himself would pass upon us for the only true religion,
- ‘ namely, naturalisin, or the belief of a God, the creator and
- ‘ physical preserver, but not moral governor of the world, the
- ‘ title of *natural* would have fitted it well, because all morality is
- ‘ excluded from the idea. But this great philosopher is never
- ‘ without his reasons. It is to insinuate, that what the world calls
- ‘ religion, of which he undertakes to give the history, is not
- ‘ founded in the judgment, but in the passions only. However
- ‘ the expression labours miserably, as it does thro' all his profound
- ‘ lucubrations. And where is the wonder, that he who disdains

‘ to

to think in the mode of common sense, should be unable to express himself in the proprieties of common language? 'As every inquiry which regards religion (says that respectable personage) is of the utmost importance, there are two questions in particular which challenge our principal attention, to wit, that concerning its foundation in reason, and that concerning its origin in human nature.' Here, we see, he aims at a distinction: and what he aims at is not hard to find. The question is, whether he has hit the mark. I am afraid not. And then the discovery of his aim is only the detection of his ignorance. In a word, it is a distinction without a difference. If man be rightly defined a rational animal, then his nature, or what our philosopher calls human nature, must be a rational nature. But if so, a foundation in reason, and an origin in human nature, are not two different predicates, but one and the same only in different expressions. Do I say, therefore, that our philosopher had no meaning, because he was unable to express any? Far be that from the reverence due to this rectifier of prejudices. My objection at present is not to his theology, but his logic. By *origin of human nature* he meant, origin in the fancy or the passions. For that religion, which has the origin here designed, is what the world calls religion; and this he resolves into fanaticism or superstition: As that religion which has its foundation in reason is what the world calls naturakism, the religion of philosophers like himself, and which he endeavours in this essay to establish.

"As far as writing or history reaches (says Mr. Hume, p. 4. of his Essay on the natural history of religion) mankind, in antient times, appear universally to have been polytheists. Shall we assert, that, in more antient times, before the knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, men entertained the principles of pure theism? That is, while they were ignorant and barbarous, they discovered truth: but fell into error, as soon as they acquired learning and politeness?" Shall we assert, says he? Why, no body ever asserted, that theism was before polytheism, but those who gave credit to their bible. And those who did so can easily evade his difficulty, that it is not natural to think, that before the knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, men entertained the principles of pure theism; because this bible tells us, that the first man did not gain the principles of pure theism by a knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, but by revelation. But this man, who had run into unlucky mistakes before concerning the state of religion in South Britain, believed in good earnest that we had burnt our bibles, and that therefore it would be less generous to insult its ashes, than to bury them in silence. This, I think, can only account for that virtuous assurance, where he says, that, as far as writing or history reaches, man-

kind

‘ kind in antient times appear universally to have been polytheists. And what system do you think it is, of the origin of mankind, which he espouses, instead of the Mosaic, to prove that polytheism was the first religion? No other, I will assure you, than the old Egyptian nonsense, which attempts to teach that men first started up like mushrooms. In a word, the men on whose principles this wonderful logician argues, never questioned the truth of his thesis. To them therefore all this bustle of a discovery is ridiculous and impertinent. And those, who dispute the fact with him, the religionists, he leaves in possession of all their arguments.’

Mr. Hume assures us, that “ the Egyptian religion, tho’ so absurd, yet bore so great a resemblance to the Jewish, that the antient writers, even of the greatest genius, were not able to observe any difference between them:” in proof of which he quotes Tacitus and Suetonius; and then adds, ‘ These wise Heathens, observing something in the general air and genius and spirit of the two religions to be the same, esteemed the differences of their dogmas too frivolous to deserve any attention.’

‘ These wise Heathens (says our anonymous answerer) were shrewd observers. But what then becomes of the wisdom of a much greater man, our philosopher himself? who hath assured us, that the general air and genius and spirit of the two religions were so far from being the same, that they were totally different. For, speaking of revelation and paganism, or of theism and polytheism, he found this remarkable difference in the air and genius and spirit of the two religions, that ‘ idolatry has this evident advantage over theism, that, by limiting the powers and functions of its deities, it naturally admits the gods of other sects and nations to a share of divinity, and renders all the various deities, as well as rites, ceremonies or traditions compatible with each other.’—Whereas in theism, while one sole object of devotion is acknowledged, the worship of other deities is regarded as absurd and impious.’ Nay, he tells us in the same place, ‘ that theism is opposite to polytheism, both in its advantages and disadvantages.’ In short, in that section nothing is alike: in the section before us every thing is the same. So various in wisdom is antient and modern infidelity! However, a difference between the Jewish and Egyptian religion, he owns, there was. But it was a difference only in dogmas too frivolous to deserve attention; being indeed nothing more than this, whether mankind should fall down before a dog, a cat, or a monkey, or whether he should worship the God of the universe. From this curious specimen of our author’s ideas concerning faith and ceremonies, we cannot but conclude, that he has set up for a writer against religion, before he had learned his catechism.’

The

The pamphlet concludes thus: 'I have now done with my philosopher; and, whatever his admirers may think, you, sir, I persuade myself, will be of opinion that I have treated him but as he deserves. If indeed my purpose had been only to disgrace *the man*, the very recital of his impieties had been sufficient: But finding that he had somehow usurped to himself the name of *philosopher*, I thought it not amiss, as occasion offered, to expose his bad logic; and, above all, to point out to the reader his numerous inconsistencies and contradictions. I can readily believe, however, he will be the first to divert himself with this part of my pains. He who thinks at large, is enslaved to no principles, nor acknowledges any, what should hinder him from writing with as little regard to truth as to religion? He leaves it, no doubt, to the religionists to shackle themselves in consistency? What is it to him, a free-thinker and a sceptic, whether what he says in one page be of a piece with what he delivers in another? Well, but this is the feature, of all others, in his philosophical countenance, which I was most ambitious of catching, and presenting to the view of the public. For that public, I would hope, is even yet not so thoroughly abandoned, as to contemplate this profligacy of mind, indifferent to truth and falsehood, and which is ready, on all occasions, to neglect common honesty, and insult common sense, without horror. And what so likely way of discrediting such a writer with the people, as to let them see what a conductor they have taken to themselves in philosophy and religion? In the mean time, how miserable is the condition of depraved humanity! Heaven sends us into life with the seeds and principles, at least, of integrity and honesty. The vulgar of all denominations presently lose these virtues, in the commerce of the world; and the men of science, in the schools. The consequence is, a practice void of morality; and a speculation, unawed by truth. In this scene of things the good man applies himself to reform the one, and instruct the other: Both, I am afraid, as the patriarch believed, against hope. Yet this does not lessen the merit of his intended services. My concern is only, how they may become effectual. And if there be a way left, it is surely that which you have hitherto taken, 'of disgracing every licentious shallow scrib-
"ler, that dishonours the name of letters, by writing the abused
"public into an opinion of his being a philosopher.' Hence it is, that Chubb, Morgan, Collins, Mandeville, and Bolingbroke, are names, which no body hears without laughing. It is not for me, perhaps, to predict the fate of Mr. David Hume. But if you, sir, had taken upon you to read his destiny, the public had, now, seen this adorer of nature, this last hope of his declining family, gathered to the dull of antient days:

" Safe, where no critics, no divines molest,

" Where wretched Toland, Tindal, Tillard, rest."

ART. III. *The Fleece, a poem; in four books.* By John Dyer, LL. B.
4to. Pr. 5s. Doddsley.

MR. Dyer's muse, who had been long buried in the *ruins of Rome, hath at length again stepped forth to public view, with fresh charms and redoubled lustre: The subject of his poem is peculiarly interesting to an English reader, by being *national*, and conveying to us the most pleasing ideas of our own wealth and happiness. The advantages and security of English shepherds above those in other climates, the visible superiority of our manufacture, the extensiveness of our commerce, and the innumerable benefits which accrue to us from the *labours of the loom*, are painted by our author in such warm and glowing colours, so accurately and so elegantly described, as to form altogether one of the most striking pictures we remember to have seen. As Mr. Dyer seems to be a complete master of the subject, he has delivered the didactic part in so clear and perspicuous a manner, as to render it obvious to the lowest capacity; and at the same time so animated and adorned it, as to afford an elegant delight to the highest and most refined. The useful and agreeable, the pleasing and instructive, are artfully blended; and, by gliding as it were insensibly into each other, keep our attention perpetually awake; so that we rise from the feast with an appetite, and even wish he had prolonged the entertainment. The poem opens thus:

‘ The care of sheep, the labors of the loom,
‘ And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
‘ Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
‘ And ye, high-trusted guardians of our isle,
‘ Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
‘ To the great charge assigns: ye good, of all
‘ Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
‘ So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
‘ The wide felicities of labor learn:
‘ So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
‘ From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
‘ In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
‘ The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
‘ Over the num'rous swains of ev'ry vale,
‘ With well-permitted pow'r and watchful eye,
‘ On each gay field to shed beneficence,
‘ Celestial office! Thou protect the song.’

Mr. Dyer then proceeds in his first book to treat of pastures, their several excellencies and defects; of sheep, their food, distempers, and remedies; gives us various precepts relative to the weather and seasons;

* See an elegant little poem thus intitled, written by Mr. Dyer, printed about 20 years ago, and since re-published in Doddsley's *Miscellanies*.

seasons; and concludes with an elegant description of a sheep-shearing, on the banks of the Severn.

In this agreeable landscape we perceive that the objects are properly placed, the figures well grouped, and the ordonnance of the piece just and natural. We shall find also on a closer examination, that the colours are excellent, the strokes masterly, and the whole picture highly finished. Of which the following little specimen may serve to convince our readers.

- ' See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
- ' After the nurture of the fallen show'r,
- ' How beautiful! how blue th' etherial vault,
- ' How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
- ' Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
- ' So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
- ' Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
- ' What other paradise adorn but thine,
- ' Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
- ' Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
- ' Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
- ' And ports magnific add, and stately ships
- ' Innumeros. But whither strays my muse?
- ' Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
- ' Arriv'd of bright Augusta: wild he roves
- ' From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts;
- ' 'Mong' crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
- ' Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
- ' In sweet surprise; unable yet to fix
- ' His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
- ' Each object singly; with discov'ries new
- ' His native country studious to enrich.'

It is the distinguishing characteristic of a good poet to adapt his verse to the subject matter, and vary his stile according to the ideas to be raised, and the sentiment to be expressed; and in this our author is peculiarly happy: when he describes the fight of the rams, his numbers are strong and nervous.

- ' Beware the season of imperial love,
- ' Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
- ' Ev'n sheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
- ' With jealous eye surveys the spacious field;
- ' All rivals keep aloof, or desp'rate war
- ' Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
- ' And fury irresistible, they dash
- ' Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale resounds;
- ' The flock amaz'd stands safe afar; and oft
- ' Each to the other's might a victim falls:
- ' As fell of old, before that engine's sway,

D d 2

* Which

- ‘ Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
- ‘ The beauteous tow’rs of Salem to the dust.’

But when he has occasion to introduce the pathetic, his verse has all the softness and harmony of Waller’s best poems, and breathes the spirit of tenderness and humanity; as when he recommends the particular care of new-fallen lambs.

- ‘ Ah gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
- ‘ Of all, that feel distress, the most assail’d,
- ‘ Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care:
- ‘ But spread around thy tend’rest diligence
- ‘ In flow’ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
- ‘ Tott’ring with weakness by his mother’s side,
- ‘ Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
- ‘ Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
- ‘ O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
- ‘ Th’ innum’rous ills, that rush around his life;
- ‘ Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
- ‘ Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
- ‘ Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
- ‘ There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
- ‘ Nor trust thy neighbour’s dog, nor earth, nor sky:
- ‘ Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
- ‘ Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
- ‘ Pay not their promis’d food; and oft the dam
- ‘ O’er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
- ‘ Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
- ‘ Alights, and hops in many turns around,
- ‘ And tires her also turning: to her aid
- ‘ Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
- ‘ Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
- ‘ Between the lark’s note and the nightingale’s,
- ‘ His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
- ‘ In this soft office may thy children join,
- ‘ And charitable habits learn in sport.’

His description of the wandering Arabs is extremely beautiful, and picturesque.

- ‘ The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
- ‘ Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
- ‘ And shift their little home’s uncertain scene
- ‘ With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
- ‘ As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
- ‘ May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse
- ‘ Of river, o’er the pebbles gliding by
- ‘ In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
- ‘ Daily they journey to the distant clefts
- ‘ Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o’erhang
- ‘ The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,

‘ Toil

' Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
 ' Themselves and long posterity to serve.
 ' There, at the public hour, of sultry noon,
 ' They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,
 ' And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
 ' And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
 ' The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
 ' Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
 ' To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
 ' In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
 ' Fair Rachael's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
 ' From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remov'd,
 ' And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.'

Book 2. treats of wool, its several kinds and uses; the winding, combing and dying of it.

These, we must confess, are but coarse and simple materials for the poet to work on; but what cannot art and genius perform? with the same ease that the former improves the ragged wool into a useful and ornamental covering for the body, the latter by a kind of magic power can even from this unpromising subject produce a rational and elegant entertainment for the mind. The author has in this book illustrated his barren theme by strong poetical descriptions, and agreeable digressions: as he is naturally led to an account of the countries noted for wool, he takes occasion to introduce the famous expedition of the *Argonauts*; and from the history of this manufacture, with its several changes and improvements, falls with propriety into some reflections on the decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages, and the revival of them. From the necessity of trade for importing the various dyes, he slides insensibly into the advantages of trade in general, and its utility in the moral world; and concludes his book by exemplifying it in the prosperity and ruin of the elder *Tyre*. From a number of passages in this book equally beautiful, we shall select first our author's description of the drainage of Bedford level; where, after observing that there is no good wool in cold or wet pastures, he adds, that even these are greatly improveable by art.

' ——— much may be perform'd, to check the force
 ' Of nature's rigor: the high heath, by trees
 ' Warm-shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms:
 ' Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
 ' And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
 ' Labor and art will ev'ry aim atchieve
 ' Of noble bosoms. * Bedford-level, erst
 ' A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
 ' Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
 ' And, smiling with her lure of summer flow'rs,
 ' The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph;

D d 3

* Till

* Bedford-Level, in Cambridgeshire.

' Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
 ' RUSSEL, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
 ' Confin'd the waves, bid groves and gardens bloom,
 ' And through his new creation led the Ouze,
 ' And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams :
 ' Godlike beneficence ; from chaos drear
 ' To raise the garden and the shady grove,'

As Mr. Dyer seems ambitious of uniting the character of patriot and poet, he takes every opportunity of paying his tribute of praise to his native country, it would be unjust therefore in us to pass over the following beautiful lines :

' ————— What changes cannot toil,
 ' With patient art, effect ? There was a time,
 ' When other regions were the swains delight,
 ' And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
 ' Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
 ' But of rude baskets, homely rustic gear,
 ' Wov'n of the flexile willow ; till, at length,
 ' The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
 ' Of patient culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
 ' High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
 ' And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake,
 ' Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives ;
 ' And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
 ' O'er less'ning vineyards spreads the growing turf.'

The celebrated Argonautic expedition is related in so masterly a manner, and in a style so truly classical, that the reader of taste would not excuse our omission of it.

' ——— busy Colchis, blest'd with frequent rains,
 ' And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
 ' Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
 ' Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece ;
 ' When, o'er the deep by flying PHRYXUS brought,
 ' The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.
 ' This rising Greece with indignation view'd,
 ' And youthful JASON an attempt conceiv'd
 ' Lofty and bold ; along Peneus' banks,
 ' Around Olympus' brows, the muses' haunts,
 ' He rous'd the brave to redemand the fleece.
 ' Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.
 ' From ev'ry region of Ægea's shore
 ' The brave assembled ; those illustrious twins,
 ' CASTOR and POLLUX ; ORPHEUS, tuneful bard ;
 ' ZETES and CALAIS, as in the wind in speed ;
 ' Strong HERCULES ; and many a chief renown'd.
 ' On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
 ' Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits ;

' And

‘ And soon, the laurel cord and the huge stone
 ‘ Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor’d the bark ;
 ‘ Whose keel, of wond’rous length, the skilful hand
 ‘ Of ARGUS fashion’d for the proud attempt ;
 ‘ And in th’ extended keel a lofty mast
 ‘ Up-rais’d, and sails full-swelling ; to the chiefs
 ‘ Unwonted objects : now first, now they learn’d
 ‘ Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
 ‘ Led by the golden stars, as CHIRON’s art
 ‘ Had mark’d the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
 ‘ Expands the purple deep : the cloudy isles,
 ‘ Scyros, and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
 ‘ And Halonesos : soon huge Lemnos heaves
 ‘ Her azure head above the level brine,
 ‘ Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs :
 ‘ While they, her flatt’ring creeks and op’ning bow’rs
 ‘ Cautious approaching, in Myrina’s port
 ‘ Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
 ‘ Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
 ‘ But with too eager haste : in the white foam
 ‘ His oar ALCIDES breaks ; howe’er, not long
 ‘ The chance detains ; he springs upon the shore,
 ‘ And, rifting from the roots a tap’ring pine,
 ‘ Renews his stroke. Between the threat’ning tow’rs
 ‘ Of Hellepont they ply the rugged surge,
 ‘ To HERO’s and LEANDER’s ardent love
 ‘ Fatal : then smooth Propontis’ wid’ning wave,
 ‘ That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
 ‘ Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
 ‘ And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
 ‘ Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
 ‘ Threaten approach ; but they, unterrify’d,
 ‘ Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thund’ring floods
 ‘ Cleave their bold passage : nathless by the craggs
 ‘ And torrents sorely shatter’d : as the strong
 ‘ Eagle or vulture, in th’ intangling net
 ‘ Involv’d, breaks thro’, yet leaves his plumes behind.
 ‘ Thus, thro’ the wide waves, their slow way they force
 ‘ To Thynia’s hospitable isle. The brave
 ‘ Pass many perils, and to fame by such
 ‘ Experience rise. Refresh’d, again they speed
 ‘ From cape to cape, and view unnumber’d streams,
 ‘ Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
 ‘ Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
 ‘ To the broad deep their tributary waves ;
 ‘ Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
 ‘ Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
 ‘ JASON advanc’d : the deep capacious bay,

' The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
 ' Wond'ring he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
 ' Pavilions proud of luxury : around,
 ' In ev'ry glitt'ring hall, within, without,
 ' O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
 ' Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crouds
 ' Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
 ' Attentive none he found : for he, their chief
 ' Of shepherds, proud *ÆETES*, by the name
 ' Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
 ' The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance :
 ' Ev'n *HYDRUS* ceas'd to watch ; *MEDEA*'s songs
 ' Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
 ' With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
 ' Till the bold heroes grasp'd the golden fleece.
 ' Nimble they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
 ' By Neptune's friendly waves : secure they speed
 ' O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,
 ' With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
 ' And glassy mirror of *Iolcos* lake,
 ' With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Ev'ry vale,
 ' And ev'ry hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
 ' Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.'

As we before observed the spirit of tenderness and humanity, which appeared in some lines in the first book ; we shall here extract some, which do our poet honour, by that universal benevolence which is so warmly recommended in them.

' Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
 ' In your own little hearts, the joys of life ;
 ' (Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
 ' Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
 ' All her profusion ; whose vile hands would grasp
 ' The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
 ' And in the sepulchre of self entomb
 ' Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
 ' Know, for superior ends th' Almighty pow'r
 ' (The pow'r, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
 ' Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
 ' And forms us manifold ; allots to each
 ' His fair peculiar ; wisdom, wit, and strength ;
 ' Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
 ' To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
 ' And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
 ' With man united, is a nation strong ;
 ' Builds tow'ry cities, satiates ev'ry want,
 ' And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
 ' The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
 ' For the high business of the publick good.'

Book 3. describes the several methods of spinning and weaving, the fulling-mill, dying of cloth, and the manufacture of tapestry taught us by the Saracens,

Such is the little ground-work of this book, which, as in the preceding, our author has adorned with several elegant descriptions, moral reflections, and strokes of fancy and imagination artfully interwoven in various parts of it. Of this nature are, his remarks on the ill consequences of idleness, and the good effects of industry; his proposal for country work-houses, his censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger; his description of the tapestries of Blenheim; his account of the difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red-Sea, and of France in attempting by canals a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean; his transition from thence to a proposal for re-uniting the Trent and Severn to the Thames, with his description of that river and the port of London. The introduction to this book is extremely poetical.

‘ Proceed, Arcadian muse, resume the pipe
 ‘ Of Hermes, long diffus’d, tho’ sweet the tone,
 ‘ And to the songs of nature’s choristers
 ‘ Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
 ‘ Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
 ‘ However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
 ‘ To the purg’d ear is discord. Yet too oft
 ‘ Has false dissembling vice to am’rous airs
 ‘ The reed apply’d, and heedless youth allur’d:
 ‘ Too oft, with bolder sound, inflam’d the rage
 ‘ Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
 ‘ Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
 ‘ When plains and sheepfolds were the muses’ haunts.’

Our author’s recommendation of labor would almost invite the idle voluptuaries of our age to vigilance and activity.

‘ ————— Nature lives by toil:
 ‘ Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav’ns, and rolling worlds,
 ‘ All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
 ‘ But death and ruin: man is born to care;
 ‘ Fashion’d, improv’d, by labor. This of old,
 ‘ Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
 ‘ Which doom’d the rich and needy, ev’ry rank,
 ‘ To manual occupation; and oft call’d
 ‘ Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,
 ‘ Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
 ‘ Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
 ‘ Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
 ‘ Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
 ‘ Delectable. What simple nature yields
 ‘ (And nature does her part) are only rude
 ‘ Materials,

‘ Materials, cumpers on the thorny ground ;
 ‘ ’Tis toil that makes them wealth.’

His proposal for the erection of county work-houses, is a scheme of such public utility, that we cannot pass it over without extracting his elegant description of its advantages, and his truly poetical invitation to the poor to fly to it.

‘ O when, through ev’ry province, shall be rais’d
 ‘ Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
 ‘ For those, who now delight in fruitless sports
 ‘ More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
 ‘ Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
 ‘ Of public welfare ? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
 ‘ Among the dwellings of the diligent,
 ‘ For sustenance unearn’d ; who stroll abroad
 ‘ From house to house, with mischievous intent,
 ‘ Feigning misfortune : Ho, ye lame, ye blind ;
 ‘ Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress’d,
 ‘ Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
 ‘ Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart ;
 ‘ Ye children of affliction, be compell’d
 ‘ To happiness : the long-wish’d day-light dawns,
 ‘ When charitable rigor shall detain
 ‘ Your step-bruis’d feet. Ev’n now the sons of trade,
 ‘ Where’er their cultivated hamlets smile,
 ‘ * Erect the mansion : here soft fleeces shine ;
 ‘ The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel ;
 ‘ Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm ;
 ‘ No rain shall wet your pillow : here abounds
 ‘ Pure bevrage ; here your viands are prepar’d ;
 ‘ To heal each sickness the physician waits,
 ‘ And priest entreats to give your MAKER praise.’

After describing the progress of the arts, their decay and revival, we meet with these beautiful lines :

‘ ————— Thus, around the globe,
 ‘ The golden-footed sciences their path
 ‘ Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy ;
 ‘ And, follow’d close by ignorance and pride,
 ‘ Lead day and night o’er realms. Our day arose
 ‘ When ALVA’S tyranny the weaving arts
 ‘ Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
 ‘ With speedy wing, and scatter’d course, they fled,
 ‘ Like a community of bees, disturb’d
 ‘ By some relentless swain’s rapacious hand ;
 ‘ While good ELIZA, to the fugitives
 ‘ Gave gracious welcome ; as wise Ægypt erst

‘ To

• This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

‘ To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
‘ With annual gratitude enrich’d her meads.
‘ Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
‘ Cross’d the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
‘ And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
‘ Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
‘ Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare,
‘ And fertile Waveney, pitch’d; and made their seats
‘ Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria’s tow’rs:
‘ Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
‘ Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
‘ Antona’s chalky plains, and stretch’d their tents
‘ Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
‘ Beneath the shade of Vesta’s cliffy isle.
‘ Soon o’er the hospitable realm they spread,
‘ With cheer reviv’d; and in Sabrina’s flood,
‘ And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch’d:
‘ Not undelighted with Vigornia’s spires,
‘ Nor those, by Vaga’s stream, from ruins rais’d
‘ Of ancient Ariconium: nor less pleas’d
‘ With Salop’s various scenes; and that soft tract
‘ Of Cambria, deep-embay’d, Dimetian land,
‘ By green hills fenc’d, by ocean’s murmur lull’d;
‘ Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
‘ The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
‘ Were fugitives from superstition’s rage,
‘ And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
‘ Where ivy’d walls of old Kidwelly’s tow’rs,
‘ Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
‘ Lancastria’s arms, emboss’d in mould’ring stone.’

How agreeably does this poetical geographer transport us from county to county, and conduct us at last as it were undesignedly to the place of his nativity, which every friend to the muses will join with him to congratulate on the birth of so amiable a poet!

This book concludes with the following agreeable description of the Trent, Severn, and Thames.

‘ ————— Trent and Severn’s wave,
‘ By plains alone parted, woo to join
‘ Majestic Thamisi. With their silver urns
‘ The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
‘ Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
‘ And celebrate the union; and the light
‘ Wood-nymphs; and those, who o’er the grotts preside,
‘ Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
‘ In summer’s tedious absence, cheer the swains,
‘ Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
‘ Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer’s hopes;
‘ And

' And all the genii of commercial toil :
 ' These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
 ' And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
 ' And glossy web, to ev'ry port around
 ' May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
 ' Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks,
 ' With white sails glist'ning, through the gloomy woods
 ' Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
 ' Of stately Thamis, ever checquer'd o'er
 ' With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
 ' And constant as his stream : in growing pomp,
 ' By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
 ' To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
 ' Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
 ' Gives audience to the world : the strand around
 ' Close swarms with busy crouds of many a realm.
 ' What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets !
 ' Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

Book 4. Mr. Dyer having at length by a variety of changes and improvements brought his fleece to its highest perfection, and cloathed his countrymen in their own excellent manufacture, proceeds to shew the extensive use and profit of this valuable commodity, in regard to our commerce and connexion with other states and kingdoms. Having prepared his wool therefore for exportation, he accompanies it to various parts of the world, and carries us with him to the coast of Spain, through the Baltic, to Petersburg, to Africa, China, Russia; from thence by an agreeable transition to the Western hemisphere, North and South America. In short, as HORACE says,

' Quocunque vult animum auditoris agit.

After this agreeable voyage round the world, he lands us safe again in our own country; and concludes his poem with some pleasing reflections on the naval power of Britain, as consistent with the welfare of all nations; forms to himself an agreeable prospect of our future improvements in traffic, and the probable, though distant view, of our woollen manufactures distributed over the whole globe.

The subject matter of the poem being fully treated in the three preceding books, our author thought himself at liberty in the fourth to indulge his genius for travel; and, after a long confinement to the labors of the loom, to expatiate a little in the wider field of fancy. Though this book therefore may be considered as a kind of supernumerary, it is a valuable addition, abounding with much geographical learning, some happy expressions, and several poetical descriptions of places, men, and manners, in different parts of the globe. When Mr. Dyer brings us to the shores of Afric, he gives us a fine idea of the wildness and barbarity of the climate.

' The

- ' The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
- ' And high Bojador ; Zara too displays
- ' Unfruitful desarts ; Gambia's wave inisles
- ' An ouzy coast, and pestilential ill
- ' Diffuses wide ; behind are burning sands,
- ' Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.'

His reflections on the slave trade are natural, and such as must arise in every breast that is not void of humanity.

- ' On Guinea's sultry strand, the drap'ry light
- ' Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
- ' For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
- ' And snow-white iv'ry ; yet the valued trade,
- ' Along this barb'rous coast, in telling, wounds
- ' The gen'rous heart, the sale of wretched slaves ;
- ' Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
- ' For life-long servitude ; severe exchange !
- ' These till our fertile colonies, which yield
- ' The sugar-cane, and the tobago-leaf,
- ' And various new productions, that invite
- ' Increasing navies to their crouded wharfs.
- ' But let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
- ' In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
- ' With just humanity of heart pursue
- ' The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :
- ' Their sable chieftains may in future times
- ' Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
- ' On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
- ' And av'rice——

His description of the Eastern coast of Afric is extremely picturesque.

- ' See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
- ' That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
- ' A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
- ' Of Sofala, thought Ophir ; in whose hills
- ' Ev'n yet some portion of its antient wealth
- ' Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
- ' Of its clear streams, though unregarded now ;
- ' Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
- ' The vessels glide ; unless their speed be stopp'd
- ' By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
- ' While ev'ry zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds drop ;
- ' The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
- ' Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
- ' Fus'd in the fire ; or like the marble floor
- ' Of some old temple wide——

The last quoted lines resemble exactly the *dead calm*, which they describe ; the circumstances are chosen and united with the utmost propriety, and the sound is an echo to the sense.

Our

Our author's description of Virginia exhibits a pleasing view of that useful colony :

‘ Fertile Virginia, like a vig’rous bough,
 ‘ Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
 ‘ Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
 ‘ And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
 ‘ The fleecy shuttle : to her growing marts
 ‘ The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
 ‘ And quit their feath’ry ornaments uncouth,
 ‘ For woolly garments, and the cheers of life,
 ‘ The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
 ‘ Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
 ‘ Of luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
 ‘ Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land ;
 ‘ And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
 ‘ Seek easy habitations, void of care :
 ‘ The sons of nature, with astonishment,
 ‘ And detestation, mark your evil deeds ;
 ‘ And view, no longer aw’d, your nerveless arms,
 ‘ Unfit to cultivate Ohio’s banks.’

The poem ends with this prophecy, which we heartily wish may be fulfilled.

‘ A day will come, if not too deep we drink
 ‘ The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
 ‘ Pernicious gift, bestows ; a day will come,
 ‘ When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
 ‘ The Californian coast, and all the realms
 ‘ That stretch from Anian’s streights to proud Japan ;
 ‘ And the green isles, which on the left arise
 ‘ Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
 ‘ Not yet are figur’d on the sailors chart :
 ‘ Then ev’ry variation shall be told
 ‘ Of the magnetic steel ; and currents mark’d,
 ‘ Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.
 ‘ That portion too of land, a track immense,
 ‘ Beneath th’ Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
 ‘ And new plantations on its coast arise.
 ‘ Then rigid winter’s ice no more shall wound
 ‘ The only naked animal ; but man
 ‘ With the soft fleece shall ev’ry-where be cloath’d.
 ‘ T’ exulting muse shall then, in vigor fresh,
 ‘ Her flight renew. Mean while, with weary wing,
 ‘ O’er ocean’s wave returning, she explores
 ‘ Siluria’s flow’ry vales, her old delight,
 ‘ The shepherd’s haunts, where the first springs arise
 ‘ Of Britain’s happy trade, now spreading wide,
 ‘ Wide as th’ Atlantic and Pacific seas,
 ‘ Or as air’s vital fluid o’er the globe.’

If the nature of our work permitted us, we should gladly have indulged our readers with larger extracts from, and a more accurate examination into the merits of this excellent poem: The few flowers however which we have taken the liberty to transplant, may serve to give them some idea of the whole beautiful garden: In regard to the blemishes and defects of Mr. Dyer's performance, we shall only observe, that they appear to us so inconsiderable that in a work of so much merit it would seem but invidious to take any notice of them, we shall therefore leave that task to the tasteless nibblers in criticism; who, as Quintilian says, 'always condemn what they do not understand;' and conclude this article by recommending the Fleece, as one of the best didactic poems in our language, and a living testimony amongst many others of the falshood of * Dr. Brown's dogmatical assertion concerning the dulness and depravity of the present age.

* See his Estimate of the Manners, &c. p. 42.

ART. IV. *Practical Reflections on the uses and abuses of Bath Waters, made from actual experiments and observations.* By William Baylies, M.D. 8vo. Pr. 4s. Millar.

THis elegant Treatise, dedicated to George lord Lyttleton, abounds with judicious remarks, and ought to be carefully perused by all physicians who are in the practice of prescribing medicinal waters; especially those at Bath in Somersetshire.

The author tells us in the preface, his design is to explode the practice in vogue, of administering the waters adulterated with a discordant jumble of medicines, by which their natural effects are impeded, and the knowledge of their virtues prevented.

He agrees with Dr. Lucas, that the long received notions of their being sulphureous, nitrous, saponaceous and alkaline, are entirely groundless; but that they are enriched with a mild, volatile, vitriolic, acid spirit, united with a subtil penetrating neutral salt, a mixture of sea-salt, iron and earth. He says the efficacy of the waters greatly depends on their several parts and principles being intimately blended together and perfectly dissolved, or otherwise suspended in a vehicle capable of conveying them into the most minute and inmost recesses of the animal machine. He laments the ignorance of chemistry that prevails among physicians; and expresses a wish that Dr. Lucas had further illustrated his elaborate treatise on waters, by pointing out the best practical methods of using them, and by what helps from the shops they would soonest bring about the recovery of the sick. He recommends the practice of separating the salts from the water, and preserving them to be used occasionally dissolved in the water at the fountain head, in particular cases that may require more of these fixed parts than is contained

contained in such a quantity of water as a sick stomach will bear. This method the doctor has practised with success.

He in the second chapter lays it down as a maxim, that the chalybeate principle in the waters, is a solution of iron in a volatile acid; and whether the iron flies off with the acid, or precipitates on the exhalation of the acid, the waters will certainly be deprived of every efficacy they had from their reputed volatile steel, or vitriolic glass, unless they are mixed with any other acid, which will again dissolve that iron. He infers, that this solution of iron being of a styptic nature, must render them prejudicial in pulmonic complaints, in disorders of an inflammatory nature, and where the contents of the bowels have acquired a putrid state; tho', when the vessels are sound, the circulation languid, and the fibres relaxed, no medicine can be better adapted to expedite a separation of the morbid humours from the blood, and to invigorate the constitution, than the solution of iron in this volatile, vitriolic acid of the Bath waters. But this volatile acid spirit being exhaled, either by keeping the waters a few hours after they are taken from the spring, or heating them over a fire, they will become a good medicine in those very complaints in which they would before have been hurtful. This observation is illustrated by the following remarkable case, communicated to the author by Dr. Nugent.

‘ The Case of Mrs. COLBORNE.

‘ In the year 1747, one Mrs. Colborne, then aged about fifty-two, or fifty-three years, had a scorbutic gross habit of body, and was subject to erysipelatous eruptions, with a very troublesome, periodical, hæmorrhoidal flux, on the cessation of which, and the going off of the eruptions, she gradually lost her appetite, and became troubled with violent rheumatic complaints, and an indolent tumor in the right side of the abdomen, just below the edge of the liver; by the continuance and gradual increase of which, for eighteen months, she was reduced to a great degree of weakness, and could keep nothing upon her stomach that she took to support her strength.

‘ Thus circumstanced, Bath water was judged to be a medicine deserving of a trial, to which, though she was then in London, she had immediate recourse. And altho' the most powerful stomachic medicines had before been ineffectually administered, the Bath waters alone, not only soon strengthened her stomach, and enabled it to retain proper aliment, but likewise greatly relieved many of her other complaints.

‘ This induced her to believe, that as the waters, at so great a distance from their source, had given her such remarkable relief, they would certainly afford her much greater benefit, was she to drink them in their highest perfection at the spring-head.

‘ But when she came to Bath, and by the advice of her physician, began to drink the waters at the spring, in a few days time she

‘ was

' was fully convinced of the error she was in ; for they aggravated
' all her symptoms, and heated her blood to so great a degree, as
' obliged her to desist from their farther use. But not dis-
' couraged by the first instance of their ill effects; when the unex-
' pected symptoms, the waters had excited, were removed, she made
' a second attempt, in hopes of better success. And being thereby
' fully convinced of the impropriety of them, in their natural
' state, she contented herself with drinking them when they were
' become cold, and divested of their volatile vitriolic gas, in which
' state they were salubrious, as they had before been ; for they
' strengthened her appetite and digestion, as well as mitigated her
' rheumatic pains.'

As a succedaneum for this volatile vitriolic salt which cannot be collected in a separate state, he proposes the following preparation :
' Suppose then filings of iron were to be rubbed in a marble mor-
' tar with salt of amber, and suffered to stand together in a glass
' vessel, till the salt has in some degree corroded the iron, without
' having entirely spent its acidity ; then, as it is the property of this
' salt to dissolve perfectly in rectified spirit of wine, by the addition
' of this spirit, we may obtain a tincture, which is a solution of iron
' in a subtil acid, more similar to what is contained in the waters,
' than any medicine now known in the shops. By a proper addi-
' tion of this to the waters, where the chalybeat principle is defi-
' cient in them, we may reasonably expect them to be rendered in-
' finitely more efficacious than they could be, were they to be taken
' without such an assistant.

' By such help the waters would sooner strengthen the stomach,
' brace up the relaxed fibres, exhilarate the spirits, attenuate the
' blood, and throw out any acrimony from it on the skin, than it
' is possible they should do in their natural state.'

The third chapter treats of the qualities and effects of the neu-
tral purging salt contained in the Bath waters. He judiciously ob-
serves, that certain saline substances not distinguishable by the senses,
yet produce very different effects. In confirmation of this maxim,
he recites the following history :

' In the year 1746, a young gentleman, eighteen years old; for
' whom I had the honour to be consulted, but whose name I am
' not at liberty to mention, was much troubled with a leprous dis-
' order, which grievously afflicted both his arms and legs, and, for
' years before, had been gradually increasing upon him, notwith-
' standing mercurial, antimonial, and the most powerful medicines,
' and medicinal waters, had been regularly used to prevent it.

' His appetite was very bad, his digestion weak; his pulse op-
' press'd, his breathing difficult, and at all times, when the dry
' scurfy eruptions were not in great plenty on his skin, his sight
' was dim, and he had great pain and giddiness in his head.

' Having read and heard the salt of vipers much recommended
' in such disorders, and imagining it to have no other virtue than

‘ salt of hartshorn, or any other animal volatile salt, from which,
 ‘ by the nicest examination by our senses, it is not to be distin-
 ‘ guished; I prescribed for him from ten to twenty grains of salt
 ‘ of hartshorn, in a small quantity of the liquid extract of guaia-
 ‘ cum, to be taken three times a day, and ordered it to be washed
 ‘ down, with a very weak infusion of Virginia snake-root; which,
 ‘ in a short time after every dose, visibly increased all his complaints,
 ‘ and obliged me to desist from its use.

‘ Some time afterwards, accidentally mentioning the case to a
 ‘ worthy gentleman of the profession, he furnished me with some
 ‘ genuine viperine salt, of his own preparing. Of this I gave my
 ‘ patient some few doses, made up in the same quantity and man-
 ‘ ner, as I had before done the salt of hartshorn; and by means
 ‘ thereof, all his complaints soon were mitigated, and he was freed
 ‘ from every appearance of the disease in a little more than a month;
 ‘ during which time, he repeatedly tried the salt of hartshorn, but
 ‘ never once without being greatly worse for the attempt.

‘ But, as all deep-rooted disorders are liable to return, and as
 ‘ this in particular is with great difficulty eradicated, this gentle-
 ‘ man is, once a year, in the spring-season, slightly affected with
 ‘ his former complaints; for the removal of which, he has learned
 ‘ by experience, to have recourse to no other help, than taking
 ‘ internally, an electuary composed of the powder of vipers, the
 ‘ viperine salt, sugar and saffron, and externally frequently washing
 ‘ the eruptions with common gas sulphuris*, which is a medicine
 ‘ somewhat similar to the vapour of Bath waters. By this means,
 ‘ in a few days, he is constantly cleared from his scurfy eruptions,
 ‘ and freed from every other symptom of his disorder, for the rest
 ‘ of the year.’

This is succeeded by two other curious cases, which the narrow limits of our work will not permit us to insert.

In chapter the fourth, the doctor explains the nature, qualities and effects of sea-salt, as an ingredient in the Bath waters. In the next he treats of the absorbent earth found in them. The chief use of this, he says, is by its union with their mineral acid, to constitute a kind of mineral salt, on which the virtues of the water in a great measure depend.

Then he proceeds to consider the oily principle in the waters, which he will not allow to be the *phlogiston* or sulphureous inflammable principle, the cause of inflammability, colours and odours in all bodies, but an oily matter, common to all waters, seemingly derived from the earth of the atmosphere or bath.

In

* ‘ Gas sulphuris is not a solution of sulphur, but water impreg-
 ‘ nated with the acid of sulphur only; which is necessary to be united
 ‘ with the phlogiston, for the formation of sulphur; it does not follow,
 ‘ therefore, that because waters contain this acid, that they are sul-
 ‘ phureous.’

In the next chapter he recapitulates the qualities of pure water, in the cure of diseases; and demonstrates how far they are concerned in the efficacy of the Bath waters. Here he takes occasion to recommend the waters at Malvern, in Worcestershire, as wonderfully efficacious in the cure of chronical distempers, ulcers, scrophula, and leprous disorders. This efficacy he ascribes entirely to the purity of the waters.

In the eighth chapter we find some severe, though just animadversions, upon the managers and physicians of the hospital at Bath; for some selfish by-laws, by which all opportunities of improvement from the great experience which that charitable institution affords, have been shamefully and artfully monopolized.—This complaint has been so often repeated, that the persons accused are become quite callous. One would imagine the Bath waters possessed the joint virtues of the Styx and Lethe, that the steam of them rendered their dispensers invulnerable to all reproof, and washed away all remembrance of the reproaches they have undergone.

Dr. Baylies, after this apostrophe, proceeds to consider the qualities of the Bath-waters chymically, and proposes the following material questions:

‘ Whether the waters are not an effectual remedy at a distance
‘ from the spring, in certain cases, as well as at their sources, as
‘ they do not lose their saline principles by carriage or keeping?
‘ and whether, if small doses of these salts were to be administered
‘ in proper quantities of warm water, they would not be of great
‘ utility, in the cure of those particular chronic disorders, in which
‘ Bath waters are found to be effectual? as well as a means, in
‘ many cases, of making the Bath waters themselves more effectual
‘ at their sources, when they are found in their natural state to be
‘ too heating, or otherwise disagreeable or ineffectual to the
‘ patients?’

In the subsequent chapter, our author declines giving particular directions, which may mislead the ignorant; but he declares the Bath waters will, when duly administered, be found useful in whatever alteration our bodies may undergo from a rarefaction, dilution and attenuation of the fluids, even in the minutest vessels.

In the tenth chapter, he explains the structure of the human body, and some laws of the animal œconomy. Then he proceeds to describe the nature and effects of solvents in general; and, among other curious remarks, we find the following:

‘ We are not to conclude, that, because a medicine is mild and
‘ inoffensive to the human body, it will not dissolve other bodies;
‘ for olive-oil, tho’ it may be safely applied to the stomach in any
‘ quantity, will dissolve sulphur and wax, which it was not in the
‘ power of aqua fortis to touch: how evident therefore is it, that
‘ we may reasonably hope for the discovery of an effectual and
‘ speedy solvent for the stone in the bladder? since it is by no
‘ means a consequence, that the bladder should be corroded by the

‘ same remedy that dissolves the stone, any more than that the
 ‘ stomach should be injured by the oil which dissolves both wax
 ‘ and brimstone; nor can we absolutely pronounce whether men-
 ‘ struums should be weak or strong to dissolve any substance, till
 ‘ the matter has been determined by experiment.’

The doctor having examined the heat peculiar to Bath water, and expatiated upon the wonderful alterations excited by heat in the power of solvents, or menstruums: he treats of fevers arising from the use of the Bath waters, and enlarges upon their utility in the cure of chronical disorders. He dissents from those who are of opinion that Bath waters are hurtful in all paralytic complaints. He says, when these proceed from any viscosity or other dissolvable obstructing matter pressing upon the nerves in general, or the nerve of any particular part, or their organs, so as that a numbness rather than a shaking ensues, the waters used so as to excite a fever will always do good.

In the fourteenth chapter he treats of the external use of Bath waters: he takes occasion to investigate the effects produced by the *pediluvia* in common element unmedicated by any extraneous substance, as illustrated by some experiments communicated in the Edinburgh Essays. He cautions those people who enter into warm baths, against dipping their heads into the warm water; and advises them, in some particular cases, to keep upon them cloths moistened in cold water while they continue in the bath, lest by overheating, distending, or replenishing the vessels of the brain, which are thinner than those of other parts, and unassisted with muscular pressure, the same should be ruptured, and fatal consequences ensue.—With submission to the doctor's better judgment, we should take this to be a very dangerous precaution. The application of cold wet cloths would, we apprehend, suddenly stop the increased perspiration from the surface of the scalp, and after the internal pressure occasioned by the rarefaction of the juices is removed, the matter which ought to have been exhaled from the pores, would be apt to produce inflammations in the relaxed capillaries of the brain: whereas the best way to prevent a rupture of the vessels, is to adjust the heat of the bath to a due temperament, and take care that the patient does not continue too long in the water.—Our author, not without reason, expresses his surprise, that the vapour of the waters at Bath has been hitherto neglected; he recommends pumping in local fixed pains, contractions, and other disorders of the limbs; and concludes with a set of inferences, which are fairly deduced.

Dr. Baylies seems on the whole, to be an expert chemist, and able physician; and we heartily wish he may enjoy such a share of practice as will enable him to make further improvements on this subject, which he has been at so much pains to consider.

ART. V. *Letters concerning taste. The third edition. To which are added, Essays on similar and other subjects. By the author of the life of Socrates. 8vo. Pr. 3 s. 6 d. Doddsley.*

THE book before us having been so well received as to call for a third edition, we should have thought ourselves deficient in the duty we owe to the public, not to join the general voice in the approbation of a work so deserving of it. It has frequently been observed, that the service of religion is never more effectually promoted, than by the assistance of those whose rank and profession have exempted them from all suspicion of fraud, prejudice, or partiality. The works of able and pious laymen therefore in favour of it have generally been looked on as more useful than those of our best divines; and for this reason perhaps Locke, Addison, Boyle, Littleton, West, and a few others, have done as much for christianity as the labours of half the clergy. To this remark, which is founded on truth, we shall beg leave to add, that in the same manner it is a signal advantage to literature, when men of family and fortune are ambitious of distinguishing themselves in any particular branch of it: it confers, as it were, a dignity, and throws a lustre on learning, which, if confined merely to the cloister, is too apt to sink into contempt and obscurity: besides that, there is an ease and freedom to be acquired in an extensive commerce and connection with the polite world, which we seldom meet with in the mere scholar, or within the walls of an university. And yet so jealous of their rights and privileges is the present race of modern scribblers, or regular practitioners in the art of blotting paper, that they would gladly forbid the use of pen and ink to all but themselves, and are surprised at the assurance of a gentleman who will pretend to write and read. We were induced to this opinion by the perusal of a pamphlet lately published, called * *An essay, in two parts, on the necessity and form of a royal academy, for painting, sculpture, and architecture*; wherein the *Letters concerning taste*, which is really a work of merit, is treated with a contempt which it does by no means deserve, and in a manner that can bring no credit on the nameless declaimer; who assures us very confidently, that the † writer of these letters chose a subject which he was entirely ignorant of, when he *lugged in* (such is this gentleman's elegant expression) painting and architecture. In opposition however to this malevolent anonymous, we will

E e 3

venture

* Printed for Robinson, at the Golden Lion, in Ludgate-Street.

† See page 9. of the pamphlet. Page 17. he calls the *Letters on taste*, a paltry performance; and that he knows nothing which would give him so high an opinion of himself, as to be despised by this tasteful author, nor any thing such a disgust as the meeting with his approbation.

venture to assert, that there is in the performance under our consideration much taste, knowledge, and spirit, some very judicious criticisms, elegant descriptions, a warmth of fancy, and strokes of imagination, which cannot fail to please and animate the coldest reader; together with what is still more valuable than all, some indisputable signs of a liberal and ingenuous mind, the natural effects of that philanthropy and benevolence for which the author is known by his private friends to be eminently distinguished.

As our author's first letter contains his definition of taste, and may be considered as a kind of key to the rest, we shall present it entire to our readers, as a specimen of his manner and abilities.

‘ L E T T E R I. T O E U P H E M I U S .

‘ Whence comes it, Euphemius, that you, who are feelingly alive
 ‘ to each fine sensation that beauty or harmony gives the soul,
 ‘ should so often assert, contrary to what you daily experience,
 ‘ that taste is governed by caprice, and that beauty is reducible to
 ‘ no criterion? I am afraid your generosity in this instance is
 ‘ greater than your sincerity; and that you are willing to com-
 ‘ pliment the circle of your friends, in giving up by this conces-
 ‘ sion that envied superiority you might claim over them, should
 ‘ it be acknowledged that those uncommon emotions of pleasure,
 ‘ which arise in your breast upon the observation of moral or na-
 ‘ tural elegance, were caused by a more ready and intimate per-
 ‘ ception of that universal truth, which the all-perfect Creator of
 ‘ this harmonious system ordained to be the Venus of every ob-
 ‘ ject, whether in the material world, in the imitative arts, or in
 ‘ living characters and manners. How irreconcilable are your
 ‘ doctrines to the example you afford us! However, since you
 ‘ press me to justify your practice against your declarations, by
 ‘ giving a definition of what is meant by taste, I shall not avoid
 ‘ the invidious office of pointing out your superior excellence to
 ‘ others, by proving, that truth and beauty are coincident, and
 ‘ that the warmest admirers of these celestial twins have conse-
 ‘ quently souls more nearly allied to æthereal spirits of a higher
 ‘ order. The effect of a good taste, is that instantaneous glow of
 ‘ pleasure which thrills thro’ our whole frame, and seizes upon the
 ‘ applause of the heart, before the intellectual power, reason, can
 ‘ descend from the throne of the mind to ratify its approbation*,
 ‘ either when we receive into the soul beautiful images thro’ the
 ‘ organs of bodily senses, or the decorum of an amiable cha-
 ‘ racter thro’ the faculties of moral perception; or when we recall,
 ‘ by

* ‘ By this definition (says the writer of the pamphlet above men-
 ‘ tioned) our author has clearly proved his taste to be very depraved;
 ‘ it is irrational by his own account, reason being wholly excluded.
 ‘ Now, I take reason to be the very basis of a good taste, otherwise
 ‘ it is reduced to mere caprice, whim, and enthusiasm.’

‘ by the imitative arts, both of them thro’ the intermediate power
‘ of the imagination. Nor is this delightful and immediate sen-
‘ sation to be excited in an undistempered soul, but by a chain of
‘ truths, dependent upon one another till they terminate in the
‘ hand of the divine Composer of the whole. Let us cast our eyes
‘ first upon the objects of the material world. A rural prospect,
‘ upon the very first glance, yields a grateful emotion in the breast,
‘ when in a variety of scenes there arises from the whole one or-
‘ der, whose different parts will be found, by the critical eye of
‘ contemplation, to relate mutually to one another, and each ex-
‘ amined apart, to be productive of the necessaries, the conve-
‘ niencies, and emoluments of life. Suppose you was to behold
‘ from an eminence, thro’ a small range of mountains covered
‘ with woods, several little streams gushing out of rocks, some
‘ gently trickling over pebbles, others trembling from a precipice,
‘ and a few gliding smoothly in willow-shaded rivulets thro’ green
‘ meadows, till their tributary waters are all collected by some
‘ river-god of a larger urn, who at some few miles distance is lost
‘ in the ocean, which heaves its broad bosom to the sight, and
‘ ends the prospect with an immense expanse of waters. Tell
‘ me, Euphemius, would not such a scene captivate the heart even
‘ before the intellectual powers discover minerals in the moun-
‘ tains, future navies in the woods, civil and military architec-
‘ ture in the rocks, healing qualities in the smaller streams; fer-
‘ tility, that the larger waters distribute along their serpentining
‘ banks; herbage for cattle in the meadows; and lastly, the more
‘ easy opportunities the river affords us to convey to other climates
‘ the superfluities of our own, for which the ocean brings us back
‘ in exchange what we stand in need of from theirs. Now, to
‘ heighten this beautiful landscape, let us throw in corn-fields,
‘ here and there a country-seat, and, at proper distances, small
‘ hamlets, together with spires and towers, as Milton describes
‘ them,

“ bosom’d high in tufted trees.”

‘ Does not an additional rapture flow in from this adjunct, of
‘ which reason will afterwards discover the latent cause in the
‘ same manner as before? Your favourite architecture will not
‘ fail to afford less remarkable instances, that truth, beauty, and
‘ utility, are inseparable. You very well know that every rule,
‘ canon, and proportion in building, did not arise from the ca-
‘ pricious invention of man, but from the unerring dictates of Na-
‘ ture; and that even what are now the ornamental parts of an
‘ edifice, originally were created by necessity; and are still dis-
‘ pleasing to the sight, when they are disobedient, if I may use
‘ that moral expression, to the order which Nature, whose laws
‘ cannot be repealed, first gave to supply that necessity. Here I
‘ appeal to your own breast; and let me continue the appeal, by

asking you concerning another science analagous to this, which is founded upon as invariable principles; I mean the science of living well, in which you are as happily learned as in the former. Say, then, has not every amiable character, with which you have been enamoured, been proved by a cool examination to contain a beautiful proportion, in the point it was placed in, relative to society? And what is it that constitutes moral deformity, or what we call vice, but the disproportion which any agent occasions, in the fabric of civil community, by a non-compliance to the general order which should prevail in it?

As the arts of painting, sculpture, and poetry, are imitatives of these, their excellency, as Aristotle observes, consists in faithfulness to their original: nor have they any primary beauty in themselves, but derive their shadowy existence in a mimetic transcript from objects in the material world, or from passions, characters, and manners. Nevertheless, that internal sense we call taste (which is a herald for the whole human system, in its three different parts, the refined faculties of perception, the gross organs of sense, and the intermediate powers of imagination) has as quick a feeling of this secondary excellence of the arts, as for the primary graces; and seizes the heart with rapture long before the senses, and reason in conjunction, can prove this beauty by collating the imitations with their originals.

If it should be asked why external objects affect the human breast in this manner, I would answer, that the Almighty has in this, as well as in all his other works, out of his abundant goodness, and love to his creatures, so attuned our minds to truth, that all beauty from without should make a responsive harmony vibrate within. But should any of those more curious gentlemen, who busy themselves with enquiries into matters, which the Deity, for reasons known only to himself, has placed above our limited capacities, demand how he has so formed us, I should refer them, with proper contempt, to their more aged brethren, who may justly in derision be stiled *the philosophers of ultimate causes*. To you, my dear friend, whose truly philosophical and religious taste concludes, that whatever God ordains is right, it is sufficient to have proved, that truth is the cause of all beauty, and that truth flows from the fountain of all perfection, in whose unfathomable depth finite thought should never venture with any other intention than to wonder and adore. But I find I have been imperceptibly led on from thought to thought, not only to trespass upon the common stile of a letter, by these abstruse reasonings and religious conclusions, but upon the ordinary length of one likewise; therefore shall conclude, by complimenting my own taste in characters, when I assure you that I am

Your most affectionate friend, &c.

What

What our author has said in his fifth letter concerning fine taste, is indisputably true, namely, that it does not depend upon the intellectual powers alone, upon the organs of sense alone, nor upon the imagination, but upon a happy union of all three. His comparison of poetry and painting in Letter VII. is extremely well drawn; and no less just is his observation in Letter XII. that a national corruption of taste in morals is always productive of a bad one in arts. His congratulatory * letter to his sister on her marriage, with the fable annexed,

* This letter is as follows :

‘ Joy to you, my dear Leonora, upon the accomplishment of all your own wishes, and those of a man who I believe is as dear to you as yourself; at least of one whose happiness is necessary to constitute your’s. You are now entered into that state from whence, as our great poet says,

“ Relations dear, and all the charities

“ Of father, son, and brother, first were known.’ *Par. Lost, b. 4.*

‘ Give me leave, therefore, as the tie of blood betwixt us may in some measure authorise the freedom, and the friendship we have always had for each other still more, to mix with the unfeigned joy of congratulation the unrestrainable tenderness of a brother, and concern of a friend, in giving my advice to you in this scene of happiness. Nor think it any reflection upon the strength of your heart that I should imagine I could any way contribute to your felicity by admonition, which is not concerning your prudence (for, to free you at once from any pain of that sort, I really think it incapable of improvement) but relating to the observation of some inferior excellencies, which with the generality of your sex have past unregarded, but, give me leave to say, are essentially necessary to preserve a husband’s desires, as the more respectable duties of a wife. ’Tis not enough that a woman is a faithful domestic friend, she should daily study to invest herself with a hundred little enchanting graces, suitable to the disposition of the man she marries, if she would still retain those unspeakable charms, conceived only by lovers, with which she originally captivated his heart. This grand secret, my dear sister, lies in this short precept, *Never lose the mistress in the wife*; a text of bullion-sense, which an essay-writer would wire-draw into twenty glittering pages. But as my design is, not to gain your applause of my talent as a writer, but to give a hint for the promotion of your happiness; to say more will be unnecessary, to say less would be unaffectionate. I know some of our friends would rally me for laying so great a stress upon minute embellishments of mind and body; but I would soon stop the laughter of those gain-sayers by the following fable, the truth of whose moral is as old and certain as the foundation of the world, tho’ the story is my own invention. Psyche, a virgin born in the island of Cyprus, grew enamoured of Cupid the son of Venus. After making some unsuccessful attempts to inspire the little god with a mutual passion, she retired from the world to vent her complaints in melancholy solitude. There dwelt not far from Paphos, the metropolis of the country, a nymph called Taste, a daughter of one of the graces, to whom the virtues, arts, sciences, and even the goddesses of the

annexed, is a proof of our author's judgment, as well as a strong testimony of his tenderness and affection: besides that, it conveys a very useful lesson to the fair sex, and may serve to convince them, that a taste for elegance in the lesser concerns of life is necessary to retain the affections of a husband, as well as the more essential duties.

In Letter XV. we meet with a deserved censure on the common false, tasteless remark, that we have now no poets. It is observable,

‘ island herself, often resorted. For without the assistance of some
 ‘ secret charms she bestowed upon them, tho’ they perhaps might
 ‘ sometimes coldly satisfy the world, their endeavours to enchant it
 ‘ were always ineffectual. Hither Psyche repaired, and having discovered the cause of her uneasiness, supplicated the nymph in the
 ‘ most humble manner to relieve her distresses. Taste, who never refused to comply with the petitions of her sincere votaries, heard the
 ‘ virgin’s request with compassion; and having made up a zone of the same materials with which she had formerly composed the cestus
 ‘ of Venus, gave it her with the following injunctions: ‘ Take, said
 ‘ she, my dear Psyche, this magic zone, and wear it perpetually
 ‘ round you, from whose latent folds such an unspeakable power
 ‘ shall be added to your natural charms, that the disdainful god of
 ‘ soft desires shall not only be captivated with your beauty, as soon
 ‘ as he sees you, but shall be retained in a voluntary and pleasurable
 ‘ bondage as long as you preserve this mysterious pledge of my affection. Take the strictest care therefore of this inestimable treasure; for should you thro’ neglect be so unfortunate to lose it, Cupid has wings, and will make use of them to leave you.’ Let it
 ‘ be sufficient to say, that Psyche bound the zone round her waist,
 ‘ and accordingly so far succeeded in her wishes, that Hymen, in his
 ‘ saffron robe, soon pronounced a happy union betwixt her and the
 ‘ son of Venus. Days, weeks, and months, passed on in uninterrupted circles of still increasing raptures. If Psyche went into the
 ‘ meadows and groves to taste the tribute of the returning spring,
 ‘ Cupid was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her lap with
 ‘ the choicest flowers and blossoms. If she was inclinable in the
 ‘ heat of summer to visit the rivers and fountains, his image was
 ‘ constantly mixed with her’s in the floating mirror. Psyche began
 ‘ now to think her zone useless, and a troublesome incumbrance;
 ‘ therefore being one day fatigued with the usual sports of the country,
 ‘ she loosened the golden studs with which it was fastened round her
 ‘ waist, and threw it disdainfully into the passing river. Very few
 ‘ days passed after this, before she perceived a visible alteration in
 ‘ the affections of her adored Cupid; his eyes no longer languished
 ‘ on her’s with ineffable desire; his ears ceased, as they were wont,
 ‘ to be ravished with the music of her tongue, and a civil indifference
 ‘ soon succeeded to the heretofore glowing language of extasy. By
 ‘ degrees her company grew every day more and more displeasing to
 ‘ him, till at length a total disgust having seized his fancy, he spread
 ‘ his rosy wings in air, and for ever left the detested habitation of his
 ‘ once beloved Psyche.’

vable, that our author hath here, tho' a poet * himself, done justice to his cotemporaries, in an eulogium on Dr. Akenfide, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Gray, Mr. Collins, Mr. Mason, and others. As these letters are already well known to the public, it is unnecessary to produce any more extracts from them: they are in the hands of all the world, and stand not in need of any recommendation.

The author has enriched this edition of the letters with nine additional essays on the following subjects; viz. education, the power of habit, good and beauty, self-love †, true and false religion,

* See a poem called *The Tomb of Shakespeare*, a vision, and *The Genius of Britain*, an ode, both printed for Dodsley.

† The ingenious author of these essays has illustrated this subject by the following dream, which we have here subjoined.

' I rose, (says he) methought, out of a place of *darkness invisible*, as Milton calls it, which was only light enough to shew the confused horror of the chaos that was around me; when, on a sudden, the war of elements ceased, and, as it were by magic, each retiring to a proper place, formed a most beautiful creation. As I stood admiring with no small enthusiasm the power and goodness of the unseen efficient of this paradise, unknowing to what end I was placed there, and how I ought to act in order to contribute, as much as lay in me, to the harmony of the whole; methought a being, like the idea we have of an angel, came and offered to conduct me through the unknown regions, and to instruct me in the nature of whatever I saw. Her robes were like a winter's cloud tinged with darkness, her aspect was gloomy and pensive, and every mark of a false glory appeared upon her. By this time a number more of the same species with myself came thronging after her, every one expressing the greatest ardency to obey her, and believe her instructions; yet this pretended zeal might be perceived to proceed from fear, which seldom, if ever, is a companion of love. Upon my making some hesitation to join the crowd, she immediately put on such a frown of terror, that my blood ran chill to my heart; the slaves of her retinue too, though secretly averse to her tyranny, joined the menaces that were made against me, till the fear of being left desolate and alone, made me add one more to the unhappy number. We had not proceeded many paces, before another angel appeared to us, whose aspect was fair and gentle, whose demeanor was open and delightful, and her garments were the unsullied brightness of heaven. Our eyes were instantly fixed on this lovely object, and joy began to inspire our hearts. As soon as the apostate sister, who enthralled us, saw this mistress of happiness, she filled the air with a mist that obstructed our sight, and we could behold our comfort no more; but as resolution is a guide to truth, I and some few more left this seeming forcerefs, and with a loud voice implored the assistance of that other celestial being. Our prayers were heard, and the air to our sight grew serene and clear again; though the rest of our late fellow-sufferers, who durst not relinquish their errors through fear, still remained under the enchantment. Our great protectress appeared again to us, and spoke in the following manner: ' Happy are you, O mortals, to escape
" from

gion, friendship, conjugal love, solitude, and contentment. These are executed with the same taste and spirit that runs through the letters, and completes with them a very agreeable volume.

“ from that fell impostor, who usurps my likeness and office, to de-
 “ lude the unwary. I am Religion, the brightest of beings under the
 “ Omnipotent, who conduct the good to the realms of unperishable
 “ joy. She is Superstition, who leads them astray into the path of
 “ error. I rule in the heart, she in action; and there is not even one
 “ of her dependents so infatuated, but would declare, if they durst,
 “ against her impious reign. She has been attended long by a ma-
 “ tron called Custom, the fallacy of whose venerable countenance en-
 “ tices mankind into her mistress’s train, and then Opinion guards
 “ the entrance against their escape. Let her delude those mistaken
 “ wretches for a while with her antic shows, whilst I lead you to be-
 “ hold the court of unalterable delight.’ As soon as she had done
 ‘ speaking, there appeared a glorious light that extended to the ut-
 ‘ termost parts of the earth, and filled our bosoms with the most hea-
 ‘ venly sensation. At a distance myriads of celestial inhabitants
 ‘ came flying down, and showered innumerable blessings upon us,
 ‘ as we stood looking up at them. They seemed continually passing
 ‘ to and from that eternal source of light. Whilst we were admir-
 ‘ ing this stupendous scene, one of those divine messengers, who had
 ‘ been to comfort our mistaken brethren, involved in numberless ca-
 ‘ lamities by their deceitful guide, ascended from them up to the
 ‘ throne of the Most High; she was called on earth Repentance,
 ‘ and seemed beautiful even in tears and mourning. Not long after
 ‘ another descended, cloathed in æthereal mildness; the smiles of
 ‘ grace beamed from her eyes, as if she seemed delighted with being
 ‘ charged with the first office of heaven, doing good; her name was
 ‘ Forgiveness. Mercy went before her presence, and Truth guided
 ‘ her flight. She had in her hands the balm of comfort, and the
 ‘ more she bestowed, the more her store increased. On a sudden the
 ‘ clouds that had hitherto obscured the rest of our species, were dis-
 ‘ pelled, and the Majesty of the Supreme shone upon them; at
 ‘ whose appearance, the forcerefs, that had misled them, retired again
 ‘ to the native realms of infernal darkness, and was seen no more.
 ‘ As we were all going to offer up thanksgivings for our deliverance,
 ‘ I was awakened by the public rejoicings for the news of the success
 ‘ of our arms. Which accident, and my preceding dream, afforded
 ‘ me sufficient matter for reflection all the day after, on the superin-
 ‘ tending goodness of Providence, which constantly does the best for
 ‘ mankind, educing good and happiness even out of evil and cala-
 ‘ mities.’

ART. VI. *A series of genuine letters between Henry and Frances.* 2 vols
 8vo. Pr. 6s. Johnston.

THESE fragments of a correspondence betwixt a gentleman and a lady of the kingdom of Ireland, are not without their merit, and discover the authors to have been a most happy and most deserving pair of lovers. Yet as they relate chiefly to parti-
 cular

cular incidents solely interesting the two parties themselves, we are at a loss to assign any good reason for their appearing in print. Even in the opinion of Henry, *several of them are not worth reading*. Why then should they be obtruded upon the public, which has long been oppressed with an inundation of private history? The correspondence, we are informed, continued several years, three times a week, without intermission; and these two volumes comprehend only 290 letters, printed without any regard to order or time. They contain very little of the fooleries of love, and have no resemblance to the productions of a raw university student, or the passionate transports of an unexperienced love-sick maid. They are full of warm expressions of tender affection, and interspersed with many moral and religious reflections, some of which however vary a little from the received standard of orthodoxy. The letters of Henry abound with just and philosophic sentiments; and his genius, unshackled by the constraining forms of education, strikes into new paths, which are generally agreeable and entertaining. Those of Frances are no less elegant, and from them she appears possessed of great delicacy of taste and correctness of judgment. As to the style, of both we need only observe,

*On dit toujours bien ce qu'on dit,
Quand le cœur fait parler l'esprit.*

That our readers may judge how different Henry and Frances are from ordinary lovers, we shall present them with a few short extracts from the letters of each. In Letter XI. Henry expresses himself thus: 'Your account of Miss —'s week's route of diversions made me laugh, but I was actually out of breath by the time I had got to Saturday night; such a passion for shews and public places is natural to young people, but there are many ridiculous persons in the world, who hurry thro' life, after the same rate, up to their grand climacteric; and, in short, the generality of mankind seem rather to have a stomach, than a taste for pleasure:

"Call it diversion, and the pill goes down."

'Which is entirely owing to the abrupt entrance into the world, which young people are too soon indulged in, and makes them continue children all the days of their lives; as I have observed, that if you broach a vessel of liquor, before it has purged off its crudities, it will still drink new, tho' you keep it on draught never so long. I wish all the children of our kingdom were made children of the public, as was the method of some antient states; but then without such antient statesmen my wish is absurd, as Horace's proposing to fly from Rome, as an expedient against the corruption of the people's morals; as if the vice was rather in the stones of the street than in the manners of the citizens. He who would reform public politics, must first reclaim private morals; and I agree rather with Plato, who founds his
commonwealth

‘ commonwealth on the basis of virtue, than with Harrington, who affirms the body-politic to be a machine.’——Speaking of a troublesome companion, he gives us his character in these words: ‘ He is one of those *matter-of-fact men*, who, being incapable of striking out any thing, or idea, from their own sense or imaginations, are eternally talking of what they have seen or heard; as if they were reading over a memorandum-book, and whose whole conversation is a diary of their lives; for which reason, they are never tired of talking, because they are themselves the chief subject-matter of their discourse: I asked him, a little peevishly, this evening, whether he had ever committed murder, that he could not bear his own thoughts a moment?’

We must admire that elegant taste which projected the following improvement: ‘ At some distance from this town, I amused myself with one of the most curious pieces of exquisite bad taste, I have ever met with, and which put me in mind of that epistle of Pope’s which we read together the other evening. It was the *deceptio visus* of a ship in sail, on the top of a mountain, which, I suppose, terminated the visto of some absurd fellow’s unimprovement thereabouts; which shews Mrs. Johnson’s expression, [*improved for the better*], hinted in one of your letters, tho’ a tautology in sense, not so much so in terms. This may be ranked among the unnatural pleasures I mentioned to you lately, with which the daemon of Caprice has possessed the human brutes of this world. The curious artist too, lest any of his merit should be lost, by the natural appearance of the object, had placed it on the left hand, while the sea was roaring on the right, that the paltry contrivance might be obvious to the meanest capacity.’ As to the expression of Mrs. Johnson, we differ from the author, and think it is rather a tautology in terms than in sense.

It appears from the following letter, that Frances has no great regard for those gentlemen who are generally the favourites and darlings of the ladies. ‘ When my dear Harry left town, I flatter’d myself, that I should enjoy ‘ a cool suspenſe from pleasure and from pain;’ and that I should recover my shatter’d spirits and broken constitution, firmly resolved to live soberly, quietly, and righteously, all the days of my life. But, see the strange perverseness of my stars, more in fault than I, which drive me on the rock I thought to shun; for I have not been one evening at home since I saw you; but have been continually immersed in noise, folly, and hurry; dragged about in melancholy parties of pleasure, where, as Pope says,

* “ I sit, with sad civility; I hear,
“ With honest anguish, and an aching ear.”

‘ And

* In Pope the lines run thus:

I sit with sad civility, I *read*

With honest anguish, and an aching *head*.

Alluding to the works of bad poets who brought their verses to him.

‘ And surely it is a vice, which the devil was not fool enough
‘ to recommend, to sacrifice one’s life and health, without some
‘ joy in doing it. I wish you had died three years ago; for, if I
‘ had not known you, the now insupportable stupidity of half
‘ the world would not have been so irksome to me; for nothing is
‘ good or bad, but by comparison. You will oblige me extremely,
‘ if you will send me a dissertation upon fools; why there should
‘ be such difference between men of the same family, and same
‘ education, as may frequently be observed; and, at the same
‘ time, explain to me the cause, for reason there can be none,
‘ why women are generally so fond of them. You must know that
‘ a lady in Queen’s-square, whom you sometimes have heard me
‘ make whimsical mention of, has, in one of her flights, taken
‘ a most unfortunate passion for me; and, as love is importunate,
‘ she has not let me rest an hour in peace, since that unlucky
‘ era; tho’ what I suffer from her, is not the worst part of the
‘ adventure: for the oddness of her character is not unentertain-
‘ ing; but she is generally surrounded by a groupe of miserable
‘ young men ‘of wit and humour about town,’ who, by the way
‘ of being sprightly, talk nonsense by the hour, then, by way of
‘ gallantry, cram us into hacks, and away to —, where I have
‘ supped with the same set twice this week; and,

“ Woe is me!

“ To have seen what I have seen? seeing what I see!”

We shall conclude our extracts with the following letter: ‘ In
‘ antient times, when mankind began to frame themselves into
‘ societies and states, the male part, perceiving they were born
‘ with greater bodily strength than the female, vainly concluded,
‘ they were originally indued with greater sense and nobler souls,
‘ so partially arrogated to themselves the superiority; at the same
‘ time, that they refused, very unfairly, the same law of reason,
‘ to an horse, though they acknowledge him to be an animal of
‘ greater strength than they.

‘ Now, in order to preserve this unjust dominion to themselves,
‘ and their heirs-male for ever, they concluded no Salique law so
‘ effectual, as to fetter and enslave our minds, by such a narrow,
‘ domestic, and partial education, as should bury the seeds of
‘ sense and philosophy, and bias our opinions towards a notion of
‘ their superior ‘manly sense and reason.’

‘ Thus uneducated, and unimproved, or, what is worse, con-
‘ demned to a wrong education; it is as unfair to censure us for
‘ the weakness of our understandings, as it would be to blame
‘ the Chinese women for little feet; for neither is owing to the
‘ imperfection of nature, but to the cruelty of custom.

‘ When women then associate themselves with men of moderate
‘ understandings (for I think you too humble, when you brand
‘ those with the title of fools, who fall short of your own sense)
‘ it is only because it is natural and reasonable to prefer that de-

‘ gree

‘gree of sense, which they comprehend, to that which is beyond their apprehension: and this is nothing more than you would do yourself; for I do not know, what pleasure you could have, in company with a Rabbi, merely for his understanding Hebrew, of which you hardly know the Type.

‘I believe that women, *cæteris paribus*, as Tom says, always prefer men of the best sense, as far as the limits of their own understanding extend; beyond which, it would be enthusiasm, not rational affection, to carry their regards. I confess indeed that there must be an entire equality between the rivals, with regard to fortune, titles, dress, person, &c.—before the superiority of understanding can have the chance of being considered. But then this is owing to the false bias of female education, which directs us to wrong means of happiness; and, instead of being censured for our error, we ought to be pitied for not being rendered capable of judging right.

‘Henceforward therefore, I interdict you, wise fools, from the unjustness of any satire against our sex, ’till you have, by a proper and more liberal education, given our noble and ingenuous natures fair play to exert themselves. Do this, if ye dare, ye imperious tyrants, and ye shall see, how small we will make you. Oh! let us once be free; for know that arts and sciences cannot raise their heads under despotic sway.

‘I shall mention but one thing more, which appears to me a very natural thought; that providence certainly intended women, rather than men, for the study and contemplation of philosophy and scientific knowledge; as the delicacy of our frame seems fitter for speculation, than action; and our home-province affords us greater leisure, than men; who, from their robust and active natures, seem calculated more for business, labour, and mechanic arts. Out then, ye vile usurpers of our natural rights and liberties; and oh! for an army of Amazons to vindicate our wrongs.’ F.

These extracts are not culled as false samples to deceive the public, which will find the work all of a piece, interspersed with moral and judicious reflections; though it would have been more useful, had those reflections been methodized; and more entertaining, had the strokes of private history been such as could have interested the passions of the reader.

ART. VII. *A Remonstrance against Lord Bolingbroke’s Philosophical Religion.* By G. Anderson.

THIS performance is divided into twelve sections, which profess to treat at large of all the grand points of natural religion: this is the banquet to which Mr. G. Anderson invites us: unhappily for us, it proves a banquet, where neither taste, nor order, nor decorum can be found to preside; and where reason, tho’ not absolutely

solutely excluded, yet is cloathed in so ridiculous and grotesque a garb, that we feel less pleasure than disgust from her appearance, and only wonder how she d——l she got there. The introduction is addressed to D. Mallett, Esq; whom, on account of his being the publisher of lord Bolingbroke's works, he treats throughout with the utmost profusion of vulgar sneering, and malignant abuse.

It is the privilege of dulness, tho' an enemy to ridicule in general, to be pleasant to the utmost extent of its abilities. This privilege Mr. Anderson lays hold of, and gives free indulgence to the rage of his wit against the unfortunate Mr. Mallett. 'Squire Mallet, the 'squire, and your esquireship, are the strokes of humour which recur perpetually, and meet us at every turn: a repetition which might possibly have proved nauseous, had not the extreme politeness and elegance of the raillery prevented our delicacy from being offended.

We shall give the reader a few specimens of this humour of Mr. Anderson's.——' Surely, says he (Introd. p. 9.) you and lord Bolingbroke must have imagined, by treating the religious part of mankind with so much contempt, that instead of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, the time was at hand when the gospel of St. John lord Bolingbroke should be the established religion of the nation, and 'squire Mallet have the honour of being his evangelist.'—— Page 63. in treating of immutable truths, he entertains us with the following paragraph: 'The definition of man may be divided into two propositions: man is an animal; and, man is reasonable: and as the whole definition is an immutable truth, so are the parts of it: this doth not hold in propositions contingently true, because they depend on time: for instance, David Mallet, esq; is a philosopher, and certain it is, that once he was neither esq; nor philosopher.'—— Sec. 11th, pag. 351, he has ingeniously contrived to press the said David Mallet into his service, and very freely makes use of him to prove the absurdity of the Stratonian philosophy.—— 'Strato's living, original particles of matter; (*says he*) particles endued not only with life but understanding, are either complete animals in themselves, or become such by addition and multiplication: leave these particles in their original state, you and I and the whole would have been and are but the *minima naturæ*: if by addition and multiplication of these intelligent particles you are become a poet and philosopher, you are not one single individual D. Mallet, esq; but a swarm of little thinkers.'

Mr. Anderson will do us the justice to acknowledge, that we have here selected some of the most brilliant fallies, that have escaped him, from the commencement to the conclusion of his work. Whatever unfavourable ideas the preceding quotations may suggest with regard to the intellects of our author, we cannot allow after all, that he is either a fool or a madman. Through the whole of his strange volume he displays a wild, indelicate, blundering kind

of sense, which might have entitled him to more indulgence, had it been accompanied with less scurrility and malevolence. To add to the misery of those, who are obliged to labour through this indigested heap, a considerable portion of literature, such as it is, by some unhappy accident hath fallen to his share; in the management of which too, he seems pretty frequently to follow the advice of Dogberry in the play, by letting it appear, *when there is no need of such vanity*. Of these advantages however, Mr. Anderson himself appears to be very sensible, and condescends now and then with great address, and in a very dignified stile, to acquaint us with the superiority of his talents.— ‘Whatever Mr. Mallet may think of me (*says he*) I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I profess to understand logics, and metaphysics, abstraction and universals, and think the knowledge of them a necessary qualification of a philosophical writer; and I knew both formally and fundamentally, and what universale is *à parte mentis*, and what it is *à parte rei*, &c.’— Again, he informs us, page 27th, that he can abstract whiteness from all white things; nay, that he can even teach Mr. Mallet to do the same: ‘If you, ’squire Mallet (*says he*) cannot abstract whiteness from all white things, it must be owing to your ignorance of implicate and negative, and explicate and affirmative abstraction.’ By his great skill in these points Mr. Anderson assures us, that he can abstract; and that Mr. Mallet, by the same means, might do so too. This same abstraction is a grand point with him, and seems to be the thing nearest his heart. In sec. 2d. he has got together all his logics, as he phrases it, upon which he values himself not a little, in order to the defence of this favourite doctrine against the attacks of the *nobleman of a philosopher*; an appellation which he frequently bestows on lord Bolingbroke, and which is the cover, no doubt, of some very ingenious conceit.

If the reader is not yet satisfied with regard to Mr. Anderson, the following passages may serve to give him a perfect idea, both of his understanding and his temper. Page 64, in endeavouring to establish reason as the sole source of morals, see how he argues:— ‘All truths of speculation are, or ought to be, the orderly groundwork of action: truth and right are so nearly related, that they are often put for one another: Cicero says, what is right is also true: and our Lord Jesus Christ saith, he that doth the truth, cometh to the light; and the apostle Paul speaks of those who obey not the truth, but obey unrighteousness. Let it be observed, I do not transcribe Scripture phrases and expressions as of divine authority (for I write for those who do not believe the Bible) but as sayings of sense and antiquity. A wicked action is an opposition to truth, as well as a violence done to justice; it is an error or a lie in action; from whence it followeth, that the *prima regula morum*, and the *radix possibilitatis* are the same.’

Again,

Again,— ‘Reason (*says he*) is the faculty by which we compare our speculative ideas, and judge of their identity or diversity; and reason is the faculty by which we judge of the equality or inequality of our doings. The measure of this equality or inequality, can be nothing else but right reason; and this is more obvious to the understanding, than most truths of mere speculation: it is conscious knowledge, and such as we often perceive intuitively, and without argumentation; and I suppose it is from this that the word conscience denotes our approbation or disapprobation of what we call good, and what we call bad actions—No man is capable to know that a whole is more than any of its parts, but knows that a good office and the murder of a benefactor essentially differ, &c.’

This is a notable instance, no doubt, of that philosophical precision for which Mr. Anderson is so great a stickler. Our author’s reason for dissenting from Berkeley, with regard to the reality of external objects is pleasant enough.— ‘I freely join with his lordship (*says he*) in rejecting a modern system that makes all bodily appearances to be delusions, tho’ I never saw what is said in support of it; for I am resolved to believe no delusions, knowing them to be such.’— The candor and good sense of the following passage is very conspicuous.— After quoting lord Bolingbroke, who asserts that all spirits are hypothetical, except the infinite Spirit the Father of spirits, he proceeds in this manner:—

‘He who would not take on him to deny that there are immaterial created beings, has at last found assurance to affirm that all spirits are the creatures of metaphysics and theology. That the soul and body are distinct substances, I have already determined, and the reasons I have given I rest upon: that we have something in our make that thinks, he admits; and I am sure that neither metaphysicians nor divines have created this thinker, tho’ they indeed judge it to be immaterial: but it is astonishing that a man of common understanding, and a man of one half of our author’s learning, and who is not an arrant profess’d atheist, should say, that all spirits are hypothetical, except the infinite Spirit, the Father of spirits. This is too plain to pass, or to be excus’d as a blunder— This can bear no meaning, except that God is the chief, the father of imaginary spirits, and the grand bull-beggar of mankind, &c.’—

Hear how he raves again (sec. 7. pag. 159.)— ‘The plain man, says Bolingbroke, who will not reason beyond his sense and experience, knows that in whatever state he is, God governs, and hath nothing to fear in one more than another. God is an all-perfect being. By this (*says Mr. Anderson*) lord Bolingbroke, in the character of a plain man means, if he means any thing at all, that God’s administration is as perfect here, as it can be hereafter; so that if there is another life, he cannot be worse off than he was in the life he lived here: that is, a bungling minister of
state,

' state, a betrayer, or a cobbler of the constitution of his country,
 ' who, for fear his blood should be made the cement for a new as-
 ' sociation, fled to France, and there learnt French enough to spoil
 ' his English: that his political talents might not rust, he entered
 ' into the service of a new master, whose secrets he sold for a safe
 ' return to his native country; and, in order to reinstate himself
 ' in his former employment, quarrelled in vain with his friend and
 ' protector, and spent the remaining part of his time in discontent;
 ' and, pour tuer le temps, he became writer against the admini-
 ' stration, against religion, and against God and goodness.—That
 ' his lordship was a sinner, is notoriously and by his own confession
 ' true, and therefore liable to be a sufferer, whenever God thought
 ' fit to call him into judgment: but plain man Bolingbroke will
 ' tell his sovereign and judge, since you did not punish me when
 ' you knew me guilty, you have no right to punish me now: and
 ' this is all the ground of lord Bolingbroke's and your future hap-
 ' piness and safety (meaning we suppose 'squire Mallet's) that ye
 ' cannot be worse, or more miserable in another world, than he
 ' was, or you are, or may be in this: how dangerous is your case,
 ' and how deplorable was his! — That both the lord and the
 ' squire however have been of some advantage to society, Mr. An-
 ' derson himself will confess; since he himself produces them as ar-
 ' guments for the truth of christianity. ' Christians (says our author)
 ' need not be surprised, being forewarned, that such teachers as
 ' lord Bolingbroke, and his publisher D. Mallet, esq; should arise,
 ' who privily should bring in damnable heresies, and even publicly
 ' denying the Lord that bought them, and the God who made
 ' them, &c. I say, since this hath actually happened, it is rather
 ' a confirmation of the truth of the christian revelation, than a
 ' discredit to the Gospel.' —

But, enough of Mr. Anderson: — whatever degree of merit be
 allowed to lord Bolingbroke, he surely deserved not for his sins to
 fall under the lash of so much illiberal pedantry as is heaped to-
 gether in this volume of our author's. Some respectable qualities
 he had, no doubt: and we cannot help reflecting, what a blow it
 would have been to his pride, after a Warburton, a Leland, and
 some others, whom his lordship might have considered as no despi-
 cable antagonists, had made their attack upon him, to have seen
 such a figure as Mr. Anderson advancing to the combat, armed with
 this uncouth and barbarous weapon, to which he has quaintly given
 the name of a *Remonstrance*. An old lion (says the fable) who
 had long reigned the tyrant of the forest, found himself at the
 point of death exposed to the resentment of his fellow-brutes; the
 triumph and insults of the more generous beasts, his fortitude and
 magnanimity enabled him to support; the last, fatal and mortify-
 ing stroke, was given by the heels of an ass.

ART. VIII. *An Enquiry into the nature and design of Baptism.* 8vo.

Pr. 1s. —

THis seems to be the performance of some industrious divine, who, by a vigorous application of his mind to the important point of baptism, and a faithful examination of antient and modern authors, has extracted for our edification every thing that needs to be said upon it. 'Tis true, an enquiry into baptism is not likely, at this time of day, to excite much the attention of the public; and many, we apprehend, will be apt to think, that 211 pages employed wholly upon a subject of this nature, cannot possibly contain any thing but a more solemn kind of trifling.

Yet are there some, it is to be hoped, still among us, blest with sounder principles and a more primitive taste, who are capable of reaping much consolation from being told, that sprinkling has at least as fair a claim to be an apostolical practice, as immersion; that the practice of baptism was intended to be universal and perpetual, and that both reason and religion point out the necessity, as well as propriety of initiating infants into the church by means of this holy rite. This latter point is what he chiefly labours to evince: nothing indeed can exceed the pathetic warmth with which he pleads the cause of these little ones: the tenderness of the good man's heart perfectly boils over upon this occasion.

Having remarked that, 'young children, before they have arrived to the use of speech themselves, or have been capable of understanding its meaning, when used by others, have yet had an awful sense of a superior being impressed upon their minds, and a distinguishing apprehension of good and evil, right and wrong, evidencing itself in their actions. Will you not, (*says he*) addressing himself to parents, since children have the properest qualifications, as well as the most indisputable right to be admitted into the kingdom and church of Christ, do what is in your power, and what appears to be your duty, to put them in possession of this privilege? will you wilfully exclude them from that blessing which he hath intended for them, and which your regard for them requires you to convey to them? be assured that Christ will highly resent this contempt of his grace and authority; for if you offend, or hinder from a participation of his favours, any of your little ones, it were better that a mill-stone were hanged about your neck, and that you were drowned in the depth of the sea. No temporal punishment you can expose yourselves to, will be equivalent to that which you will deserve, by an exclusion of these favourites of our Lord, from a share of that covenant to which he graciously admits them, by a rejection of that ordinance which is necessary to give them a title to it. I think you must be convinced, that these offsprings of your bodies are extremely dear to Christ, and fitted to become members of his mystical

F f 3

body,

‘ body, and surely they ought to be equally dear to you : as their
 ‘ advocate then, suffer me to intreat and beseech you, that as you
 ‘ are the parents of their flesh, you would also in this respect be
 ‘ the fathers of their spirits. If there be therefore any consolati-
 ‘ on in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any bowels and mercies,
 ‘ fulfil ye my joy in being like-minded towards them.’

In this serious and tender expostulation, as he himself justly calls it, you have a specimen of our author’s eloquence and humanity. Here is one of his masterly reach and penetration, in his representation of the state of the Heathen world before the coming of Christ.

‘ It cannot (*says he*) be deemed impertinent, to mention a few
 ‘ instances wherein the dominion of the devil discovered itself both
 ‘ among Heathens and Jews, especially in what they accounted
 ‘ sacred and religious services. The worship of the Heathen world
 ‘ was directed to dæmons or the ghosts of dead men, or to deities
 ‘ formed by poetic fiction, and their own vain imaginations, or to
 ‘ irrational and inanimate creatures ; and their most solemn and
 ‘ devout adorations of them, consisted of ridiculous, lewd, sottish,
 ‘ and in many cases barbarous and inhuman observances : and a-
 ‘ greeably to the conceptions which they formed of their gods,
 ‘ they became, in imitation of them, lewd, covetous, revengeful,
 ‘ implacable, unjust, deceitful and cruel in their moral and social
 ‘ conduct.— Here then we have very evident marks and proofs
 ‘ of the dominion of the devil over the Heathen world ; the attri-
 ‘ butes they ascribed to their gods were diabolical ones, and their
 ‘ gods themselves, if they had any intelligent existence, were no
 ‘ other than devils ; the worship they paid to them was devilish,
 ‘ such as satan himself would desire and enjoin ; and they were,
 ‘ as to their moral deportment, the very images and slaves of the
 ‘ devil ; so that the religion which prevailed among the Heathens
 ‘ at the coming of Christ, was the religion of the devil, or in the
 ‘ language of the apostle, it was earthly, sensual, devilish.’—

These are all the specimens that need be given of our author’s abilities, and manner of writing. After perusing his book, we will do him the justice to confess, that we have received as much satisfaction from it, as from any other treatise upon this subject of baptism : confident we are of one thing, that he has not swerved in the minutest article from genuine and established orthodoxy : nothing certainly can be more harmless and inoffensive than his performance ; and we cannot help wondring that he should express, in his preface, some apprehension of being attack’d by passion and party-violence : surely the good man may sleep in peace ; at least, in our opinion, no one will take upon him to attack his book, who is not utterly divested of all humanity and understanding.

ART. IX. *A free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil. In six Letters to ———. 8vo. Pr. 3 s. Doddsley.*

THE origin of evil is a subject in its nature so intricate and perplexed, so much beyond the depth of human reason, and so far above the reach of mortal wisdom, that we are not to wonder at the ill success of the almost innumerable volumes which have been written on it; nor that of all those who have entered into this labyrinth, not one should ever find a clue to lead him out of it. Our adventurous author, therefore, hath at least the satisfaction to recollect, that whatever may be the event of his endeavours, they cannot be more unsuccessful than the attempts of his predecessors; and that, like the searchers after the longitude, and the north-west passage, he is sure to discover as much as those who went before him. He sets out however with an assertion in which we can by no means agree with him. ‘The right understanding (says he) of this abstruse speculation, I look upon to be the only solid foundation, on which any rational system of ethics can be built; for it seems impossible, that men should ever arrive at any just ideas of their Creator, or his attributes, any proper notions of their relation to him, or their duty to each other, without first settling in their minds some satisfactory solution of this important question, Whence came evil? It is the solution therefore of this important question alone, that can ascertain the moral characteristic of God, and upon that only must all human virtue eternally depend.’

This we cannot help thinking, with all due deference to our author, is carrying the matter rather too far, to make all ethics depend on an abstruse speculation, and to affirm, that men can never have any just ideas of God, without knowing the origin of evil. We should, on the contrary, be of opinion, that tho’ the origin of evil be still a secret to us, as in all probability it will continue to be, men may not only be in some degree happy, but also wise and good; because an obedience to the laws of God, the submission to his will, together with the conviction, that whatever is right, may be sufficient to make them so without that knowledge which our author would persuade us is so indispensibly necessary.

To wave however a dispute it is not our business to enter into, let us proceed to a review of this ingenious writer’s performance; which, though not altogether satisfactory, has notwithstanding thrown many new lights on the subject, and abounds in useful truths and sensible observations. The arguments are ranged in their proper order and connection without preciseness or formality, and the whole remarkably clear and intelligible; which, in a work of this nature, is no inconsiderable distinction.

The summary of our author's scheme is as follows: To find out how evil of any kind could be the production of infinite goodness and power, and to shew how the introduction of it into this world is reconcileable with the mercy and benevolence of the Supreme Being. He endeavours to prove, 'that all the evils we feel, and all which we see around us, derogate not in the least from the wisdom, power, or goodness of our Creator; but proceed entirely from that subordination which is so necessary to the happiness, and even to the existence of the great and incomprehensible whole. I have shewn, that all subordination must imply imperfection in some beings or other; and that all imperfection must consist in the absence of comparative good, or the admission of positive evil. I have shewn, that most of the evils we usually complain of are of the first kind; the want only of those perfections we see others enjoy, or imagine infinite power might have bestowed upon ourselves; which are therefore in fact no evils at all: that those of the latter sort, or positive evils, are such as from the nature of things must intrude themselves into all creation, and therefore that omnipotence can do no more than make choice of that system which admits the fewest; being obliged, by the imperfections of all created beings, the untractableness of matter, and some incomprehensible connection between good and evil, happiness and misery, to admit both, or to give existence to neither. I have likewise shewn that moral evil may have its necessity and utility too as well as natural; at least, that if natural evils are necessary, moral ones are expedient, to prevent that necessary misery from falling to the share of perfect innocence, and to convert unavoidable sufferings into just punishments; that tho' the essence of all moral evil consists in the production of natural, yet it may have some collateral tendency to good; and that the wicked, whilst they are justly punished for the miseries which they occasion, may probably, by that very guilt and punishment, some way remotely contribute to universal happiness. I have shewn, that if natural and moral evils could not be prevented, the existence of political and religious evils must on course be unavoidable, they being but the certain consequences of the other: that all human government must be in the highest degree imperfect, and big with all manner of evils, being the dominion of ignorant and wicked creatures over each other; that, as such creatures can be governed only by fear of punishment or hopes of reward, all government amongst them must be founded on violence and corruption, and ever supported and administered by the same vitious and unjustifiable methods: that no power whatever can give a perfect religion to so imperfect a creature as man, either by nature or revelation; not by nature, because, whilst that is human nature, he can never discover by reason the truths on which a perfect system of theology or ethics can be erected; not
by

by revelation, because he wants faculties to comprehend such supernatural discoveries, although they should be imparted to him: that, was he capable of once receiving a perfect religion, it is not possible he could long retain it; because, if it could be kept entirely separate from his worldly interests, it would soon be neglected, and perish in oblivion; and, if it was not, such a connection would quickly corrupt its purity, and destroy its essence, so that national establishments would be necessary for its support, and yet infallibly productive of its destruction. That all these evils proceed not from wrong dispositions or accidental causes, but singly and solely from the imperfection of man; and yet, that in the gradation from infinite perfection to absolute nothing, there must be one rank occupied by such a creature as man with all his imperfections about him; that these imperfections must be annexed to his situation, and adhere to every thing that relates to him, to his happiness, to his morals, to his government, and to his religion: that, in like manner, all other created beings must have evils and imperfections peculiar to their stations, and proportioned to their inferiority; notwithstanding all which there is as much good, and as little evil, in the universal system as the nature of creation will admit of; and that therefore it is a work equal to what we might expect from the operations of infinite benevolence joined with infinite power.

This is a sketch of his general plan, divided by our author into six letters: the first of which contains some reflexions on evil in general; the second considers what he calls evils of imperfection; the third, natural evils; the fourth, moral; the fifth, political; the sixth and last, religious evils. Every one of which are attributed to the same origin, and accounted for on the same principle, namely, the necessity of them.

The true solution (says our author) of this incomprehensible paradox (*the origin of evil*) must be this, that all evils owe their existence solely to the necessity of their own natures, by which I mean they could not possibly have been prevented, without the loss of some superior good, or the permission of some greater evil than themselves; or that many evils will unavoidably insinuate themselves by the natural relations and circumstances of things into the most perfect system of created beings, even in opposition to the will of an almighty Creator, by reason they cannot be excluded without working contradictions; which not being proper objects of power, it is no diminution of omnipotence to affirm that it cannot effect them. — The infinite power and goodness of God therefore is fairly reconcileable with the misery and wickedness of his creatures, from the impossibility of preventing them; and if, in the very small part of the universal system that lies within the reach of our imperfect capacities, many instances of this kind appear, in which they are visibly consistent, we ought with the utmost assurance to conclude, what is undoubtedly true, that they

‘ they are really so in all, tho’ we are not able to comprehend them.’

In regard to evils of imperfection, he observes, that they are in reality no evils at all ; because, ‘ in the formation of the universe, God was obliged, in order to carry on that just subordination so necessary to the very existence of the whole, to create beings of different ranks ; and to bestow on various species of animals, and also on the individuals of the same species, various degrees of understanding, strength, beauty, and perfection.’ — ‘ Was happiness (says he) ever so unequally divided, our pretence for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ignorant ambition may desire : a pretence which must eternally subsist ; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us ; and since no link in the chain can be broke, the same reason for disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that chasm, which must be occasioned by our preferment.’

From the imaginary evils of imperfection, he proceeds to the real natural evils, which all flesh is heir to ; which he very properly divides into pains of body, and inquietude of mind. But if God is a good and benevolent being, what end could he propose from creation but the propagation of happiness ? and, if happiness is the end of all existence, why are not all creatures that do exist, happy ? Because (says our author) man is man. God indeed might have made us quite other creatures, and placed us in a world differently constituted ; but then we had been no longer men ; and whatever beings had occupied our stations in the universal system, they must have been liable to the same inconveniencies. All human evils therefore are but the effect of human nature, and plainly deducible from necessity. This our author endeavours more fully to illustrate by descending to particulars, and considering the necessity of poverty, labour, inquietudes of mind *, pains of body, and death ; and concludes, that all these evils could never have been prevented, even by infinite power, without the introduction of

* ‘ Inquietudes of mind (says he) cannot be prevented without first eradicating all our inclinations and passions, the winds and tides that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation. So long as men have pursuits, they must meet with disappointments ; and whilst they have disappointments, they must be disquieted ; whilst they are injured, they must be inflamed with anger ; and whilst they see cruelties, they must be melted with pity ; whilst they perceive danger, they must be sensible of fear ; and whilst they behold beauty, they must be enslaved by love : nor can they be exempted from the various anxieties attendant on these various and turbulent passions. Yet without them we should be undoubtedly less happy and less safe ; for without anger we should not defend ourselves, and without pity we should not assist others ; without fear we should not preserve our lives, and without love they would not be worth preserving.’

of greater, or the loss of superior good, they being but the necessary consequences of human nature.

But it is objected, that some men being exempted from many calamities with which others are afflicted, all men might have been exempted from all, and infinite power might therefore have prevented most of these dreadful calamities. To which objection our author thus replies: 'I am persuaded (says he) that there is something in the abstract nature of pain conducive to pleasure; that the sufferings of individuals are absolutely necessary to universal happiness; and that, from connections to us inconceivable, it was impracticable for omnipotence to produce the one, without at the same time permitting the other. Their constant and uniform concomitancy thro' every part of nature with which we are acquainted, very much corroborates this conjecture, in which scarce one instance, I believe, can be produced of the acquisition of pleasure or convenience by any creatures, which is not purchased by the previous or consequential sufferings of themselves or others; pointing out, as it were, that a certain alloy of pain must be cast into the universal mass of created happiness, and inflicted somewhere for the benefit of the whole.'

This, with submission to our author, is but a poor pretence to a solution of the difficulty. He is persuaded, that there is something in the abstract nature of pain conducive to pleasure; but another may be persuaded, and perhaps with much more reason, of the contrary; and if the connections which he talks of are inconceivable, surely no arguments can be drawn from them to prove this or any thing else. That the miseries of particular beings can be any ways necessary to the happiness of the whole, is a notion perhaps peculiar to himself, and, as it should seem, directly opposite to all our ideas.

He has likewise another argument, if so it may be called, in support of his hypothesis, which is still more whimsical. 'Is it not (says he) analagous and highly probable, that the happiness and life of man should be equally dependent on the wills of his superiors? As we receive great part of our pleasures, and even subsistence, from the sufferings and deaths of lower animals, may not these superior beings do the same from ours?' But to support this strange assertion, and preserve this analogy, we must imagine that there are superior beings, to whose pleasures and subsistence our sufferings and death are as necessary, as the deaths and sufferings of lower animals are to our own; that is to say, superior beings may feed upon us, as we do on sheep, oxen, &c. hunt us as we do hares, set us a fighting as we do game-cocks, or torture us as we do worms on a fish-hook, for their diversion. But our author seems to have forgot that these beings, whatever they are, if superior to us, must be rational, and that in a much higher degree than ourselves, and consequently incapable of feeling such necessities, or enjoying such pleasures, as he has assigned them.

What

What follows in this letter concerning the pride and imaginary importance of man, is but a repetition of what Pope, and many other writers, have already taken notice of. We shall pass over therefore what is to be met with in our author in common with his brother system-makers, and point out to our readers those notions and opinions which seem peculiarly his own: amongst which we may venture to number his strenuous defence and adoption of the antient Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration, which seems to him, of all the conjectures of man concerning the dispensations of providence and a future state, the most rational; 'as by it (says he) all the unequal dispensations of things so necessary in one life may be set right in another, and all creatures serve the highest and lowest, the most eligible and most burdensome offices of life by an equitable kind of rotation; by which means their rewards and punishments may not only be well proportioned to their behaviour, but also subservient towards carrying on the business of the universe, and thus at the same time answer the purposes both of justice and utility. But the pride of man will not suffer us to treat this subject with the seriousness it deserves; but rejects as both impious and ridiculous every supposition of inferior creatures ever arriving at its own imaginary dignity, allowing at the same time the probability of human nature being exalted to the angelic, a much wider and more extraordinary transition, but yet such a one as may probably be the natural consequence, as well as the reward of a virtuous life; nor is it less likely that our vices may debase us to the servile condition of inferior animals, in whose forms we may be severely punished for the injuries we have done to mankind when amongst them, and be obliged in some measure to repair them, by performing the drudgeries tyrannically imposed upon us for their service.'

In regard to moral evil, the subject of his third letter, our author observes, that 'it is the consequence of all human actions that must stamp their value. So far as the general practice of any action tends to produce good, and introduce happiness into the world, so far we may pronounce it virtuous; so much evil as it occasions, such is the degree of vice it contains.' After rejecting the usual solution of the introduction of moral evil, from the abuse of that * freedom of will which God bestowed on us, he affirms, that moral evil follows on course from natural; and that 'if misery could not be excluded from the works of a benevolent Creator by infinite power, these miseries must be endured by some creatures or other for the good of the whole: and if there were

' none

* God (says this writer) did not make man absolutely perfect, nor absolutely free; nor, if he had, would this have justified the introduction of wickedness and misery. — If our readers are desirous of seeing his proof of this, we must refer them to page 98. of the Inquiry.

‘ none capable of wickedness, then they must fall to the share of those who were perfectly innocent.’ — ‘ Man is so corrupt, base, cruel, and wicked, as to convert unavoidable miseries into just punishments, and at the same time so sensible of his own depravity, and the fatal consequences of guilt, as to be well able to correct the one, and to avoid the other.’ To which he adds, ‘ There is undoubtedly something farther in the general depravity of mankind than we are aware of, and probably many great and wise ends are answered by it to us totally incomprehensible.’

Here again we find our author at a stand. It is *incomprehensible*, that is, there *is* a reason, but *we* cannot find it out. He then again recurs to his *may-be’s*, and asks this question, ‘ Who is so knowing in the whole stupendous system of nature, as to assert, that the wickedness of some beings may not, by means inconceivable to us, be beneficial to innumerable unknown orders of others? or that the punishments of some may not contribute to the felicity of numbers infinitely superior?’ The first of these suppositions appears to us very chimerical, and the latter absolutely contradictory to the divine justice, because the punishments of some being once supposed unjust, could never be rendered otherwise by the felicity of others, be their numbers ever so superior.

‘ From this important proposition (says our author), that all natural evil derives its existence from necessity, and all moral from expediency arising from that necessity; I say, from this important proposition, well considered and pursued, such new lights might be struck out as could not fail, if directed by the hands of learning and impartiality, to lead the human mind thro’ unknown regions of speculation, and to produce the most surprising and useful discoveries in ethics, metaphysics, and in christianity too: I add christianity, because it is a master-key, which will, I am certain, at once unlock all the mysteries and perplexing doctrines of that amazing institution, and explain fairly, without the least assistance from theological artifice, all those abstruse speculations of original sin, grace, and predestination, and vicarious punishments, which the most learned have never yet been able to make consistent with reason or common sense.’

At the end of this fourth letter our author sums up the arguments which he had produced, and concludes thus: ‘ It is evident that the origin of evil is by no means so difficult to account for as at first sight it appears; for it has been plainly shewn, that most of those we usually complain of are evils of imperfection,

* The consistency which our author here mentions, he has endeavoured to make out by several ingenious arguments; all of which will not perhaps be thought conclusive. They are proposed however with modesty and diffidence; and may therefore be rejected without anger or resentment.

tion, which are rather the absence of comparative advantages than positive evils, and therefore, properly speaking, no evils at all; and as such ought to be entirely struck out of the catalogue. It has likewise been made appear, that of natural evils, which are the sufferings of sensitive beings, many are but the consequences naturally resulting from the particular circumstances of particular ranks in the scale of existence, which could not have been omitted without the destruction of the whole; and that many more are in all probability necessary, by means to us incomprehensible, to the production of universal good. Lastly, it has been suggested, that from this necessity of natural evils may arise the expediency of moral, without which those necessary sufferings must have been with less justice inflicted on perfect innocence; and moreover, that it is probable that moral evil, as well as natural, may have some ultimate tendency to the good of the whole; and that the crimes and punishments of some beings may, by some way or other, totally beyond the reach of our narrow capacities, contribute to the felicity of much greater numbers.'

Book V. treats on political and religious evils; wherein our author endeavours to shew, 'that it is utterly impossible, even for Omnipotence itself, to give a perfect government, or a perfect religion, to an imperfect creature; and therefore, that the numberless imperfections inherent in all human governments and religions, are not imputable to God, nor to any defect of power, wisdom, or goodness in him; but only to the inferiority of man's station in the universe, which necessarily exposes him to natural and moral evils, and must, for the same reason, to political and religious; which are indeed but the consequences of the other. Superior beings may probably form to themselves, or receive from their Creator, government without tyranny or corruption, and religions without delusions or absurdities; but man cannot. God indeed may remove him into so exalted a society; but, whilst he continues to be man, he must be subject to innumerable evils; amongst which those I call political and religious are far from being the least.'

This part of the work before us, as it is less abstruse and remote from common understanding than the preceding, must naturally afford more entertainment. It is written in an easy and animated style, and without the least apparent party-prejudice or partiality. The * defects of every species of government are marked

* 'All political bodies (says he), like the natural, must have the seeds of their own dissolution sown in their very essence, and like them be destroyed by every excess; by excess of poverty or riches, of slavery or liberty, of ignorance or knowledge, of adversity or prosperity: a strong proof of their imperfection, that they cannot bear

marked out, and the causes of those defects judiciously assigned. If the limits of our undertaking would permit us, we should willingly have presented our readers with several extracts from the two last letters; but what we have already quoted will, we apprehend, be sufficient to invite their curiosity. In the mean time, we cannot pass over his humorous description of a prime minister. ‘ Peculiar’ (says he) must be the composition of that little creature called ‘ a great man, formed of all kinds of contradictions. He must be ‘ indefatigable in business, to fit him for the labours of his station, ‘ and at the same time fond of pleasures, to enable him to attach many to his interests by a participation of their vices. He ‘ must be master of much artifice and knavery, his situation requiring him to employ and be employed by so many knaves; ‘ yet he must have some honesty, or those very knaves will be unwilling to trust him: He must be possessed of great magnanimity ‘ perpetually to confront surrounding enemies, and impending ‘ dangers; yet of great meanness, to flatter those enemies, and ‘ suffer tamely continual injuries and abuses. He must be wise ‘ enough to conduct the great affairs of mankind with sagacity ‘ and success, and to acquire riches and honours for his reward; ‘ and at the same time foolish enough to think it worth a wise ‘ man’s while to meddle with such affairs at all, and to accept of ‘ such imaginary rewards for real sufferings.’

In the sixth and last letter, our author calls christianity a *sketch* of morality and religion, which he acknowledges however to be rational and sublime; and is of opinion, that *if ever* God condescended (which, by the by, is an odd doubt) to reveal his will to man, this makes the fairest pretensions to be that revelation. Christianity however, with all these perfections, wants (according to this gentleman) universality, authenticity, perspicuity, and policy; universality to render it impartial, authenticity to make it demonstrable, perspicuity to make it intelligible, and policy to make it useful to mankind: all which, consistent with the attributes of God, may, says our author, be thus accounted for: It must want universality, because, ‘ however conducive it may be to ‘ the virtue and happiness of mankind in general, it cannot be ‘ alike communicated to all men in all ages and all nations of the ‘ world; because, from the nature of things, it must have a beginning and a progression: it must at first be revealed at some ‘ time and in some place; and whenever and where-ever that is, ‘ there must have been times and places in which it was not revealed; and therefore it is impossible it can be universal; and ‘ this not proceeding from any impotence or partiality in the re- ‘ vealer, ‘ bear excess even of the greatest good; and yet they cannot be formed ‘ of more durable materials, so long as they are constituted of human ‘ creatures.’—For a very good answer to this, see the *Estimate of the Manners and Principles*, &c. lately published, p. 213.

‘vealer, but from the modes of existence of all human affairs.’ It must want authenticity, ‘because God must communicate this revelation to mankind either by a general or a particular inspiration; that is, either by inspiring all men, or by inspiring a few to teach it to others: the first of these methods, or a universal inspiration, is impossible in nature, and absurd even in imagination, and would be the total alteration of human nature: the other must ever be liable to infinite uncertainty, because, tho’ a man may possibly know when he himself is inspired (tho’ that, I think, may be very well questioned), yet, that he should ever produce indubitable credentials of a divine commission to others, who are uninspired, seems utterly impracticable, there being no marks by which the fact can be ascertained, nor any faculties in the human mind which are able to distinguish it.’ It must want perspicuity, because it treats of subjects above the reach of our comprehensions; and it must want policy, because all political affairs are incapable of being carried on by any other means than those of violence, fraud, and corruption. ‘A divine revelation therefore cannot possibly give any directions about them; as all such must be necessarily inconsistent either with virtue or with practicability. Totally to forbid these methods of governing mankind, who can be governed by no other, would be destructive of all government; to allow them, of all morality; and therefore it is necessary that men should be left to act in these matters at their peril, as particular circumstances may require, with only a general system of religion and morality for their guide.’

‘All the numerous evils therefore (says our author) which adhere to, and all the mischievous effects which follow all human religions, whether natural or revealed, by no means owe their existence to any want of power, wisdom, or goodness in God, but, like all others, to the imperfection of man; that is, to his folly and wickedness, which must inevitably corrupt them. It is also, I think, no less evident, that all arguments levelled against the divine original of christianity, founded on its imperfections and pernicious consequences (which are all, I think, that have any weight) may be proved to be vain and inconclusive; and this not by concealing or denying those imperfections and pernicious consequences, as many have absurdly attempted, but by fairly shewing, that they all proceed from the imperfections of those creatures to whom it is revealed; and that, so long as those continue, these cannot be prevented by any wisdom, goodness or power whatever.’

Such is the sum and substance of our author’s essay on *the origin of evil*; which, though it may, as we before observed, be liable to some objections, is notwithstanding a performance of distinguished merit, and apparently the work of an able and judicious writer.

ART. X. *A complete history of England, deduced from the descent of Julius Cæsar, to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748. containing the transactions of One thousand three hundred and three years. By T. Smollett, M. D. In 4 vols. 4to. Pr. 3l. 3s. The first three volumes are already published, and the fourth will be given gratis to the purchasers of the other three. Rivington and Fletcher.*

SO many histories of England have already appeared, that the Editor of this performance hath thought it necessary in a plan of his history prefixed to it, to acquaint the public with the motives which induced him to usher into the world another work on the same subject. The author, he there informs us, does not pretend to have discovered any authentic records, which have escaped the notice of other historians; or to have thrown such lights upon particular facts, as must alter the received opinions of mankind, touching the material circumstances of the narration. His aim is to retrench the superfluities of his predecessors, and to present the public with a succinct, candid, and complete history of our own country, which will be more easy in the purchase, more agreeable in the perusal, and less burdensome to the memory, than any work of the same nature, produced in these kingdoms.

By the enormous bulk and prolixity of every other English history that stands in any degree of reputation, many readers have been deterred from learning what every person ought to know, and even totally discouraged from engaging in the most entertaining and useful of all rational inquiries.

The author has avoided all useless disquisitions, which serve only to swell the size of the volume, interrupt the thread of the narrative, and perplex the reader. His purpose was to compile an history, not to compose a dissertation.

He has waved all remarks of his own, except such as seemed absolutely necessary, that he might not incumber the page, and disgust the reader, by anticipating his reflection, and forestalling his judgment.

He has forbore to record foreign incidents, in which England has no immediate concern; as the design is not to publish the annals of Europe, but the transactions of one people. Neither has he literally transcribed every treaty of alliance, and each single decree of parliament, so as to form a monstrous medley of the highest enterprizes of power, and the lowliest precautions of civil œconomy. Such a work would be a dry, tedious, fatiguing collection of public acts and statutes, rather than a well-connected detail of historical events.

He has been upon his guard against that affectation of singularity, which is so apt to betray an author into a labyrinth of vague

conjectures, through which the truth often vanishes from his researches.

He values himself upon being entirely free from all national jealousy and prejudice; and altogether uninfluenced by that illiberal partiality which has disgraced the works of many English historians. He is soured by no controversy in religion: he is inflamed by no faction in politics. Truth is the object of his inquiry; and candid information the scope of his labour.

He pretends to communicate a summary idea of the antient inhabitants of this island, as described by Greek and Latin authors, the only sources from which we can draw any certain intelligence concerning the original possessors of Britain.

After a distinct detail of Caesar's descent, the progress of the Roman arms in England under successive emperors, the formation of the province, their improvements in the civil policy of the country, the gradual declension of their power, and their final retreat to the continent; he proceeds to describe the first dawnings of the christian faith in Britain; the arrival, settlement, character, and genius of the Saxon adventurers; the rise and progress of our constitution in church and state; and the changes it underwent in consequence of the Norman conquest.

He mentions every material transaction, whether of war or of peace, whether public or private, which might conduce to the illustration of the subject.

He collects his materials from the most authentic historians, to whose works he refers in the margin. He delineates the characters of princes, from the uniform tenour of their public conduct, compared with striking passages in private life, which often exhibit the real, naked picture, uncloaked with reserve, undisguised by formality or dissimulation.

He records every remarkable improvement in arts and sciences, which the world has owed to the natives of this kingdom.

He exhibits a separate view of ecclesiastical affairs, digested into distinct periods, from the first preaching of christianity in Britain, to the latest regulations of church-government.

He has endeavoured to write in a clear, succinct, nervous stile; to arrange his materials with accuracy and precision; to expatiate on the most interesting circumstances; and to entertain the imagination, while he informs the understanding.

In order to assist the memory, and supply proper pauses for the attention, he has planned the work into a certain number of books or parts, each comprehending the transactions of one important period; and these are subdivided into chapters, furnished with titular contents, that distinguish every individual section or paragraph.

The chronology is ascertained from year to year, on the margin.

All

All obscure allusions are explained in notes at the bottom of the page ; together with the genealogical deduction of every prince's posterity and marriages, reputed portents, detached events, and private anecdotes : which, though tending to elucidate the story, would, if inserted in the context, disunite the chain of incidents, and spoil the uniformity of the execution.

On the whole, this work is formed upon a plan which was the result of the most mature deliberation ; and has one advantage over all other histories of England ; namely, that of being brought home to our own times and observation, from the earliest age of our historical credit to the last treaty of Aix la Chapelle.

Such is our author's excellent plan, which he has, in our opinion, very happily, faithfully and judiciously executed ; but of that the public must determine. Let our readers therefore judge for themselves.

The first volume, to which we shall at present confine our quotations, consists of three books, and brings down the history as far as the death of Henry II. From each of these books we have selected a passage or two for the entertainment of our readers, by which they may be enabled to form some idea of this writer's style, and manner, and the merit of the whole work.

We shall beg leave therefore, in the first place, to introduce to our modern fine gentlemen, by way of contrast, our author's description of the antient Britons.

' The original Britons (*says he*) lived in tribes or separate clans, under the aristocratical rule of their several lords ; and though some of these uniting formed themselves into more powerful states, investing particular chiefs with the royal authority ; each apart considered himself as an independent sovereign ; and a great number being unwilling to undergo the least compulsion or controul, contented themselves with electing a general in times of danger, when they thought themselves obliged to join their forces for their mutual safety : not but that they were often blind to their own interest in this particular, and refusing to unite, saw themselves assaulted and reduced in their turns ; so that while they fought in single tribes, the whole nation was vanquished. This want of unanimity was the effect of their pride, levity, and ferocious disposition. They were impatient of discipline and order, inconstant in their pursuits, sudden in their resentments, and barbarous in their revenge.

' Strangers to luxury, and even to what are now thought the necessities of life, their wealth consisted in their herds of cattle, which they drove from place to place for the convenience of pasture, like the antient Nomades : as for the tin, lead, iron, corn, ivory, bridles, collars, amber, glass vessels, baskets, and other toys, which were exported from Britain, they were manufactured by the Belgæ, and other nations who settled in the maritime parts of the

island: the inland inhabitants dealt in nothing but cattle, hides, and tallow, which they bartered for such things as they deemed indispensably necessary; they lived in wretched huts or cabbins made of boughs, and plastered with mud; and even in these they found means to manifest their hospitality to strangers, whom they esteemed as sacred and inviolable. Their diet was simple, and parsimonious; their food consisted chiefly of milk and venison; their ordinary drink was water; yet, upon extraordinary occasions, they indulged themselves with a kind of fermented liquor made of barley, honey, or apples; and when intoxicated, never failed to quarrel, like the ancient Thracians.

They were taller, though less robust, than the Gauls; yet their constitutions were inured to hardship and fatigue; and their longevity was the immediate effect of their temperance. The dress of their nobles consisted of a belted plaid of variegated colours, with trousers, that answered the purposes of stockings, as well as breeches; and these were common to all the Gauls upon the continent: some of those who could not afford to purchase this habit, covered themselves with skins, and the poorer sort went almost quite naked. Perhaps it was in consequence of this want of covering, that they had recourse to the practice of painting their bodies, with a substance that shut up the pores, and defended the nerves of the skin from the inclemencies of the weather: thus fortified, Dio Nicæus tells us, they could endure the severest cold, and even remain whole days immersed in mud. They were poorly provided with warlike weapons, either for annoyance or defence: the better sort used the broad sword and dagger, together with javelins and arrows; but the common people had no other offensive arms than sharpened sticks for javelins, and long staves edged with flint, or headed with copper, in lieu of halberts, which were likewise furnished with a kind of bell, to scare their enemies in battle. They had neither coats of mail nor helmets, but defended themselves with light round targets of wood, or twigs covered with leather, and studded with nails of brass. The only finery which they affected; was in their chariots of war, which were curiously carved and painted, and so contrived as to be stopped and turned on the declivity of hills, with astonishing dexterity: they were generally drawn by two horses; and each contained the driver and a single warrior, who darted his javelins at the enemy, and even drove among their thickest ranks; terrifying, trampling, and cutting them in pieces with long scythes fixed to the axle-tree of the wheels. They frequently leaped from their chariots, and fought on foot, until being fatigued or overpowered, they resumed their seats; and they were so expert in the management of those machines, that they could stop or turn them at full speed, sit, stand, run upon the beam, and leap out and in, as the occasion required. They often

‘ often retreated on purpose to draw the enemy into confusion,
‘ and then returned to the attack with redoubled fury; but, they
‘ always engaged in separate bodies, that they might have room to
‘ act, and sustain those that wanted succour. The Britons, as well
‘ as the Gauls, were remarkably bold and enterprising; they
‘ charged with surprising impetuosity, after having endeavoured
‘ to intimidate the foe with the hoarse and dismal sound of their
‘ barbarous trumpets, repeated shouts, and the clashing of their
‘ arms; and they advanced to battle, dancing like the Curetes,
‘ and singing the valiant deeds of their ancestors. They were
‘ warlike, even in their favourite diversion, which was hunting;
‘ and, for this reason, their princes and chiefs commonly fixed
‘ their habitation in the midst of woods and forests, frequented
‘ by the game; and, indeed this was the situation of all their
‘ towns, which were composed of miserable huts, built in spots
‘ cleared of wood, which served them as a fortification; for they
‘ were almost always at war, with one another, or with the colo-
‘ nies of the Belgæ, and other nations which they could never for-
‘ give for their intrusion. This enmity may have become more
‘ rancorous after they were invaded by Devitiacus, king of the
‘ Sueffones, who being in great credit with the whole body of
‘ the Belgæ, resolved to make their friendship subservient to his
‘ ambition, and conquer the island of Britain by their assistance.
‘ For this purpose, he, about five and twenty years before Cæsar’s
‘ expedition, assembled a great army of his own subjects, rein-
‘ forced by the Bibroci, the Atrebates, and other Belgic nations
‘ adjoining to his own territories, and passing over into Britain
‘ defeated the natives in several encounters. He subdued the
‘ countries, at present known by the names of Berks, Oxford,
‘ Hants, Wilts, Somerset, and Suffex; in which he planted co-
‘ lonies of his Belgian auxiliaries, after having expelled the Regni
‘ and other tribes of the old inhabitants. The Belgæ, who were
‘ already settled in Britain, probably submitted and joined him
‘ on this occasion; a circumstance that could not fail to render
‘ them still more odious to the native islanders. These uninter-
‘ mitting hostilities kept up their martial disposition and contempt
‘ of danger, which was not confined to the male sex, but shone
‘ so remarkable in the British women, that they often rushed in-
‘ to the battle, and braved the weapons of the enemy. They
‘ always attended their husbands in the field, encouraging them
‘ to deeds of glory; no war was undertaken without their ad-
‘ vice; they judged of the contraventions of public treaties;
‘ they sat in council, and were consulted on the most important
‘ occasions.’

In the earlier part of English history we meet with few great men. The character of Alfred however, which we shall here subjoin, may serve for an exception.

‘ His whole empire (*says our author*) enjoyed the most profound
‘ tranquillity during a series of twelve years, which he employed
‘ in cultivating the arts of peace, and in repairing the mischiefs
‘ with which the war had been attended. He rebuilt the monaste-
‘ ries and churches; fortified and adorned a number of towns,
‘ and by appointing London as the place at which the assembly of
‘ the states should convene twice every year, declared that city
‘ the metropolis of England. He invited artificers and manu-
‘ facturers from abroad, by offering them extraordinary encou-
‘ ragement; and being himself a man of uncommon taste and
‘ erudition, his patronage was royally extended to all those who
‘ had made any progress in learning or the liberal arts.

‘ Not contented with employing and promoting the learned
‘ among his own subjects, he by his bounty allured divers fo-
‘ reigners of distinguished talents, and established them in a
‘ seminary at Oxford, where Germanus and his successors had
‘ formerly maintained a school for the education of the British
‘ youth. On this occasion three halls were founded for the
‘ different branches grammar, philosophy, and theology, and a
‘ certain stipend settled for the maintenance of a professor and six
‘ and twenty scholars in each, to be restricted under proper regu-
‘ lations, relating to their study and religious duties. These three
‘ halls being incorporated, acquired the name of university; so
‘ that Alfred is justly celebrated as the founder of that venerable
‘ institution.

‘ That he might be the better able to extend his charity and
‘ munificence, he regulated his finances with the most perfect
‘ œconomy, and divided his revenue into a certain number of
‘ parts, which he appropriated to the different expences of the
‘ state, and the exercise of his own private liberality and devotion.
‘ Nor was he less an œconomist in the distribution of his time,
‘ which he divided into three equal portions, allotting one to
‘ sleep, meals, and exercise; and devoting the other two to writ-
‘ ing, reading, business, and prayer. That this division might
‘ not be encroached upon through inadvertency, he measured
‘ them by tapers of an equal size, which he kept continually
‘ burning before the shrines of relicks. These were his constant
‘ companions wheresoever he travelled; and lest the tapers should
‘ be affected by the wind or other accidents, he contrived horn
‘ lanterns, in which they were equally consumed. But nothing
‘ deserves our admiration more than the measures he took to form
‘ a militia, under such wise regulations, that every single man of
‘ his dominions understood the exercise of arms; and by means
‘ of beacons placed at proper distances, and lighted upon any
‘ alarm, a body of well-trained forces was still ready to take
‘ up arms, and assemble at the place of rendezvous, under the
‘ lieutenant of the country where the immediate service was re-
‘ quired. Alfred seemed to be a genius self-taught, that contrived
‘ and

and comprehended every thing that could contribute to the security of his kingdom. He had invented a kind of galley wrought with oars, of such a construction, as rendered it an over-match for any ship of war known at that period of time. Of these he had an hundred and twenty, which not only scoured the seas of piratical Danes, and covered his coasts from invasion, but protected the commerce of his subjects, which flourished to a great extent: insomuch that the nation abounded with wealth, and all the richest commodities of India; from whence were imported those valuable gems which adorned the crown he wore upon all solemn occasions.

Alfred, notwithstanding his great capacity, did not fail to consult the sages of his realm, upon every affair of importance. All his resolutions, with respect to public affairs, passed through three different councils; the first of which was composed of the king's particular friends and favourites, in which every measure was prepared for the second council, consisting of the bishops, counts, viscounts, judges, and some of the principal thanes, afterwards distinguished by the name of barons. The third, was the general assembly of the nation, called in the Saxon language Wittemagemat, the members of which owed their admission to their own quality or offices, independent of the king's pleasure or appointment.

Occupied as he was in this great work of laying the foundation of the English constitution, his attention stooped even to the minutest circumstance of the people's conveniency. He introduced the art of brick-making, and built his own houses of those materials, which being much more durable, lightly and secure from accidents, than timber, his example was followed, first, by his nobles, and afterwards by the subjects in general, who vied with each other in expressing their reverence and affection for this illustrious monarch. He was, doubtless, an object of the most perfect esteem and admiration; for, exclusive of the qualities which distinguished him as a warrior and legislator, his personal character was amiable in every respect. He had made considerable progress in the different studies of grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, architecture, and geometry, was an excellent historian, and acknowledged to be the best Saxon poet of the age.

And what rendered his erudition the more valuable and surprising, was the gross ignorance of the times, concerning which he himself complained, that from the Humber to the Thames, there was not one priest who perfectly understood the divine service; nor one to be found between the Thames and the sea, capable of translating the easiest latin book.

In a word, he adhered to the wisest maxims of government, calculated for the happiness of his people, of whom he was at the same time the father and the king: his public character ac-

* quired the veneration of all his neighbours; his private life be-
 * trayed no blemish or imperfection; and he was certainly one
 * of the best and greatest monarchs that ever exercised the func-
 * tions of sovereign power.'

As there is no part of history which is more useful and ornamen-
 tal, and which indeed requires an able and masterly hand more
 than the just portraiture of characters, we shall select two or three,
 which may perhaps serve to convince the reader that our au-
 thor is by no means inferior to his Predecessors in this part of his
 performance.

Character of William the Conqueror,

* He appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity
 * and ambition, politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; stern
 * and haughty in his deportment; reserved and jealous in his
 * disposition. He was fond of glory, and though parsimonious in
 * his household, delighted in pomp and ostentation. Though sud-
 * den and impetuous in his enterprizes, he was cool, deliberate,
 * and indefatigable in times of danger and difficulty. His aspect
 * was nobly severe and imperious, his stature tall and portly, his
 * constitution robust, and the composition of his bones and muscles
 * so strong, that there was hardly a man of that age, who could
 * bend his bow or handle his arms.'

Character of Stephen.

* Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity;
 * and might have reigned with the approbation of his people,
 * had not he been harrassed by the efforts of a powerful compe-
 * titor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety, as
 * were inconsistent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his
 * ambition prompted him to forego in his first endeavours to
 * ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to
 * infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession;
 * and he was instigated by his jealousy and resentment to commit
 * the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and sound policy.
 * His vices as a king seem to have been the effect of the troubles
 * in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open,
 * and liberal, and, during the short calm that succeeded the
 * tempests of his reign, he made a progress through the king-
 * dom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and
 * disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed so long upon
 * his people. But his character has been roughly handled, on ac-
 * count of the little regard he expressed for the clergy, and his
 * usurpation of the throne from the immediate heir of blood.'

Character of Henry II.

* Thus died Henry, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and
 * thirty-fifth of his reign; in the course of which he had, on sun-
 * dry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the
 * sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero,
 * He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death
 * was

‘ was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to
‘ have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only
‘ enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great
‘ punctuality. He was generous even to admiration, with regard
‘ to those who committed offences against his own person, but
‘ he never forgave the injuries that were offered to his people; for
‘ atrocious crimes were punished severely, without respect of per-
‘ sons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact propor-
‘ tion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes
‘ were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when
‘ they sparkled like lightening, to the terror of the beholders.
‘ He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be cor-
‘ pulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition,
‘ by hard exercise and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his
‘ meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or never sat
‘ down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, and face-
‘ tious; remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in
‘ distress; so charitable, that he constantly allotted one tenth of
‘ his household provisions to the poor; and in a time of dearth,
‘ which prevailed in Anjou and Le Maine, he maintained ten
‘ thousand indigent persons, from the beginning of spring till the
‘ end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated
‘ with great assiduity, and delighted in the conversation of
‘ learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His
‘ memory was so surprisingly tenacious, that he never forgot a
‘ face nor a circumstance that was worth remembering. Though
‘ superior to all his cotemporaries in strength, riches, true courage
‘ and military skill, he never engaged in war without reluctance;
‘ and was so averse to bloodshed, that he expressed uncommon grief
‘ at the loss of every private soldier. Yet was he not exempted
‘ from human frailties: his passions, naturally violent, often hur-
‘ ried him into excess; he was prone to anger, transported with
‘ the lust of power, and in particular accused of incontinence,
‘ not only in the affair of Rosamond, whom he is said to have con-
‘ cealed in a labyrinth at Wodestoke, from the jealous inquiry of
‘ his wife, but also in a supposed commerce with the French princess
‘ Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his son
‘ Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hospitality, if
‘ he was actually guilty, is the foulest stain upon his character,
‘ though the fact is doubtful, and we hope, the charge untrue.
‘ He was educated with high notions of the kingly prerogative,
‘ which he maintained with amazing fortitude, against all the ar-
‘ tillery of Rome, and all the machinations of treason; for the
‘ cause of royalty happened to be connected with the independency
‘ of the English church, for which he manifested the most inviolable
‘ attachment: yet his exertion of the prerogative never interfered
‘ with the liberties of his people, which he intrenched with many
‘ excellent laws and regulations, that rendered their burthens easy
‘ and

‘ and their property secure. In a word, he was the king, the priest, the father of his country, and one of the most powerful and illustrious monarchs that ever flourished on the English throne.’

Character of Edward I.

‘ He was a prince of a very dignified appearance ; tall in stature, regular and comely in his features, with keen piercing black eyes ; and of an aspect that commanded reverence and esteem. His constitution was robust ; his strength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom ; and his shape was unblemished in all other respects but that of his legs, which are said to have been too long in proportion to his body ; whence he derived the epithet of Long Shanks. In the qualities of the head he equalled the greatest monarchs who have sat on the English throne : he was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumspect. The remotest corners of the earth resounded with the fame of his courage ; and all over Europe he was considered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he less consummate in his legislative capacity, than eminent for his military prowess. He may be stiled the English Justinian : for, besides the excellent statutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the administration of justice, so as to render it more sure and summary ; he fixed proper bounds to the different courts of jurisdiction ; settled a new and easy method of collecting the revenue, and established wise and effectual regulations for preserving peace and order among his subjects. Yet, with all these good qualities, he cherished a dangerous ambition, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the good of his country : witness his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave rise to that rancorous enmity which in the sequel proved so prejudicial to both nations. That he was arbitrary in his disposition, appears in many instances of his reign, particularly that of seizing for his own use the merchandise of his subjects ; a stretch of prerogative more suitable to the conduct of an eastern emperor, than to that of an English monarch. The cruelty of his nature was manifested in every expedition he undertook, either in Wales or Scotland. His integrity may be questioned from the nature of his transactions with the competitors of the Scottish crown, and the renunciation of the oath he had taken to his subjects. Though he is celebrated for his chastity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole course of his reign, one instance of liberality or munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius ; and was an accomplished warrior without the least spark of heroism.’

[*To be continued.*]

ROME.

ART. XI. *Comedie di Flaminio Scarfelli.*

The dramatic Works of Flaminius Scarfelli.

THis volume is a good sized 8vo, printed for Barbiellini, and contains six pieces, viz. 1. Il Davide penitente. 2. Il Rugiero, o sia il trionfo dell'amicizia sopra l'amore. 3. L'Ulisse. 4. Pietro il grande, o sia il padre della patria. 5. L'Enea nel Lazio. 6. L'Ifigenia sacra. These tragedies are well written: Scarfelli has handled them in a very interesting manner; and they are every way equal to the poems which he published some time since, whereby he acquired much reputation.

ART. XII. *Philosophiæ recentiores a Benedicto Stay, &c. apud Pagliarni Biblioth.*

Modern philosophy, a poem, in 10 books, by Benedict Stay, of the society of Jesus, dedicated to cardinal Valentini; with notes and supplements by father Roger-Joseph Boscovick, a jesuit, and mathematical-professor in the Roman college. 4 vols. 8vo.

The Cartesian system daily loses ground; the fancies wherewith it abounds seem better adapted to the Parnassian heights than the philosophic schools; viewed in this light, father Stay thought it a very proper subject for poetry; and he accordingly made an elegant versification of it, which he published some years since. The poem now before us is quite of an opposite nature, it is founded on the Newtonian philosophy; and that he could have been able to form a poem upon such a plan, is indeed surprising. One can scarcely imagine it possible to reduce into verse Kepler's rules, the various revolutions of the moon, the laws of motion, the theory of gravity, the nature of lights and colours; yet in all these points has our poetic philosopher excelled; and even in algebraic theorems, we find him pleasing,

Boscovick's notes and additions to this work, are an excellent and necessary illustration: Boscovick being not only a strict Newtonian, but one of Stay's particular friends. In the preface, which we owe to him, we find a satisfactory account of the order of the piece. It is divided into 10 books; each of the 3 first vols. contain three books; the 4th only one, together with the notes and tables added by the commentator. The first vol. treats of spirit and matter, and the difference between them; of the nature of ideas; of space and time; of the properties of matter; of gravity, with regard to the earth. The second vol. discourses of the gravitation of celestial bodies. The third vol. of the theory of light; and the

4th of the principles of bodies, explained according to a particular system of Boscovick's, with other subjects; in delineating which we cannot be particular, as but part of the work has yet appeared; from which we shall quote the exordium.

- Unde per immensos regionum dedita tractus
- Fulgeat hæc species vasti pulcherrima mundi,
- Disjunctæque locis variæ quo fœdere partes
- Conveniant, quæ sint vires per corpora fusæ,
- Et quam multiplici se volvant omnia motu,
- Aggredior suavi diffundens pandere cantu,
- Difficileque novas inventa labore per artes,
- Hactenus atque adytis doctrinæ inclusa severæ
- Primus ad ingenuos musarum educere cultus.
- Quippe quid humanas præstantius, utiliusque
- Illiciat mentes, quàm Veri nectare pasci
- Largiùs æterni, causas dum visere & ortus
- Conamur rerum, & toto discurremus orbe?
- Quidve magis sacro Vatum sermone feratur
- Per gentes hominum varias, memoresque per annos,
- Ingens quam quod opus dia ratione peractum est?
- O qui stelliferi flammæ succendis Olympi,
- Qui mare substratum cœlo diffundis, & auras
- Mobilitas, terramque suâ compage revincis,
- Dum memoranda tuæ monumenta revolvimus artis,
- Infer legiferas nos protinus in rationes,
- Per quas & magni jampridum exordia mundi
- Ponebas, cuncta invicto & nunc ordine flectis;
- Da Verum effari, æternâ quod mente latebat
- Ante ortus rerum, quod deindè per omnia fufum est,
- Immissumque, vigent per te quæcumque creata:
- Da decus, & sacros musarum inferre lepores,
- Quos petit ipsa tuis Majestas indita gestis.

At the head of each book we find a table of contents; by consulting which, we are immediately led to any particular part of the poem, that we want to examine. At the bottom of every page there are notes explaining, in a manner as elegant as it is judiciously critical, every passage that carries with it any thing difficult. Here it is however just to observe, that where the commentator differs in opinion from his author, he declares it, and gives his reasons with modesty and grace; nor does he omit any opportunity of illustrating such physical and metaphysical passages, as he thinks may either contribute to entertain or instruct the reader; and this he does in a plain easy style, suited to the meanest capacity.

The supplements, which are learned and extensive, contain an exact demonstration of the theorems, problems and corollaries, that are pointed out in the poem, executed so well that they prove

Boscovick

Boscovick an able mathematician, and do honour to the Newtonian system. The epilogue of the first book has some lines in it that richly deserve being quoted——

- ‘ Hinc nos sæpè juvant non tantùm expertia motûs
- ‘ Otia, non requies semper jucunda laborum est ;
- ‘ At servare statum quo tum sumus, illud & ipsum,
- ‘ Quod facimus, tantùm facere, assuetisque teneri,
- ‘ Et quibus in rebus, studiisque moramur, obire
- ‘ Plus eadem, quam quæ diversa in sorte probantur :
- ‘ Bellum miles amat, Mavortis & impiger artem
- ‘ Insequitur ; pacis piger idem ad munera contrà est.
- ‘ Navita cum ventis contendere, perque tumentes
- ‘ Ire audax fluctus, vix siccam tangit arenam,
- ‘ Oscitat extemplò, atque invitus littore oberrat ;
- ‘ Invitusque urbis versatur per fora magnæ
- ‘ Agricola, appensumque domi suspirat aratrum ;
- ‘ Causidici causas agere, & connectere lites
- ‘ Litibus, & nodos ardent dissolvere legum.
- ‘ Denique quisque suas exercet strenuus artes,
- ‘ Idem alias contrà plerumque ignavus ad omnes :
- ‘ Nam studiis volupe est ipsis hærescere mentem
- ‘ Cuique suis, quodam & jucundo exinde tenetur
- ‘ Mens sensu, neque se patitur divellier à re
- ‘ Cui vacat, atque, ultro quo fungitur ipsa labore.’

And in the conclusive lines, setting forth that true peace is only to be found in the world to come, the poet has expressed himself happily :

- ‘ Felix, quem capiunt quæ summa æternaque constant ;
- ‘ Illa fames quem vexat, & expectata voluptas
- ‘ Suscitât ; haud illum nitor auri, purpureoque
- ‘ Lumine collucens ostrum regale movebit,
- ‘ Famaque transversum rapiet, nec blanda voluptas
- ‘ Illiciet dulci perfusum fonte leporum.
- ‘ Immotus res humanas versabitur inter,
- ‘ Subjiciensque sibi mortalia quæque, feretur
- ‘ Altiùs, atque caput sublimibus inseret astris,
- ‘ Quo neque ventorum tempestas, nigraque gliscunt
- ‘ Nubila, nec tonitru, nec flumine concutitur mens,
- ‘ Perpetuùm at cœlo ridet lux alma sereno.’

To attempt versifying the profound truths of philosophy, the dry problems of geometry, and the obscure disquisitions of algebra, is a bold and unprecedented undertaking. In which, Stay has succeeded in a manner that proves him a great philosopher, and an excellent Latin scholar : his language is extremely pure, but the didactic

didactic severity of the subject deprives us of that ease and pleasure, which generally accompanies works in which fancy is at liberty to wanton. It is, upon the whole, rather a masterpiece of scholarship, than a work of entertainment; a performance, that every where rather appeals to our reason, than interests our imagination; consequently, while every body must admire the undertaking and execution, it can only please those who are deeply read in philosophy and matters requiring rigid attention.

PARIS.

ART. XIII. *Architecture Française, ou recueil de plans, elevations, coupes, et profils des églises, maisons royales, palais, hotels, et edifices le plus considerable de Paris; ainsi que de chateaux & maisons de plaisance situés aux environs de cette ville, ou en d'autres endroits de la France; batis par les plus celebres architectes, et mesurés exactement sur les lieux, avec la descriptions de ces edifices, et des dissertations utiles et interessantes sur chaque espece de batiment. Par Jaques François Blondel, professeur d'architecture; enrichi des planches en taille douce: Chez Charles Antoine Jombert.*

French Architecture, or a collection of plans, elevations, cuts and profiles of the churches, royal seats, palaces, hotels, and most considerable edifices; also of the castles and houses of pleasure, built by the most celebrated artists, not only in and about Paris, but in other parts of France; with a description of each, and the exact measurement, taken on the spot; together with useful and interesting dissertations upon each kind of building. Adorned with plates.

FOUR volumes in folio of this work have been already published; the first contains a description of the principal structures in the suburb of St. Germain. The second, of the quarters of Luxembourg, of the City, St. Anthony, and Du Marais. In the third, Mr. Blondel describes the quarters of St. Denis, Montmatre, the Royal Palace, and St. Honoré. And, in the fourth vol. we find an ample and entertaining account of the Louvre, Versailles, and the Tuilleries.

This is a work useful and pleasing to every lover of architecture; the plates are allowed to be well executed; and Mr. Blondel, who has spared neither labour nor expence to render it complete, appears to be a judge of excellent taste; where he finds fault, he is just, and extremely moderate; nor are his praises liable to censure. In his descriptions, he is clear and lively; in his stile, elegant and concise; in short, it is a noble design, contributing not only to the glory of France, but of science.

ART.

ART. XIV. *Traité d'Horlogerie, contenant tout ce qui est nécessaire pour bien con-vitre, et bien regler les montres; la descriptions des pieces d'Horlogerie les plus utiles, &c.*

A Treatise upon Clock or Watch-making, containing all that is necessary to the perfect knowledge and regulation of watches; the most useful parts of clock-work described, &c. Sold by Chardon junior, in St. James's-street.

This is a neat quarto, written by Monf. Lepante, the king's clock-maker at the palace of Luxemburgh; it is handsomely ornamented with necessary cuts; and introduced by a preface, giving a history of clocks and watches, deduced from the first mention made of them in any author; in which the use of instruments to measure that time, so dear to all, yet husbanded by few, is proved to be very antient. The book itself is divided into two parts; the first part treats of the description of hour-clocks, and common watches; with the manner of knowing, finishing, and regulating them. The second, describes and compares striking, repeating, and all the various sorts of clocks, with some new discoveries that ought to recommend this valuable performance to the attention of all persons engaged in the business of clock or watch-making.

ART. XV. *Dissertations Litteraires et Philosophiques. Par Monf. Gamaches, chanoine regulier de Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie. Chez Nully libraire, &c.*

Literary and Philosophical Dissertations, &c.

Monf. de Gamaches, who is a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has heretofore published several pieces in divinity and philosophy, with good success; of which also this fresh proof of his abilities is very worthy. It is a small volume in twelves, containing seven dissertations on the following subjects. 1°. On the congruity of languages. 2°. Upon love in general. 3°. Upon friendship. 4°. Upon self-love. 5°. Upon the different impressions made upon us by objects. 6°. On the nature of motion. 7°. On the mechanism of electricity.

ART. XVI. *La Morale, par l'auteur de la clef de sciences et des beaux arts. Chez Herissant libraire.*

An Essay on Morals.

This is a middle-sized octavo, not badly penned; the author rather endeavouring to reform, than paint manners; rather to correct,
than

than criticise our faults; and to shew his zeal, more than his wit. It is divided into three parts; the 1st speaks of the exterior principles of our actions, which principles are here reduced to laws, interest and happiness. The 2d, of the interior principles, *viz.* self-love, the passions, virtues and vices. And the 3d, treats of our different duties.

ART. XVII. *Histoire generale et particuliere de l'astronomie. 3 vols. 12mo. par Mons. Esteve, de S. R. S. de Montpellier. Chez Tombert.*

A general and particular history of Astronomy, &c.

This performance is pleasingly written, for the most part free from that driness which we commonly find in philosophical subjects; but as the author is bold and dogmatical, and a very severe critic upon some great men who have preceded him in this study, we should be less apt to spare his errors, had we time to enter into a critical examination of his work; which however we shall not lay aside, but produce it at our leisure.

ART. XVIII. *Essai de la premiere partie du traité de l'art de la guerre, &c.—Essai sur divers principes de l'art de la guerre, &c. par Mons. le Baron de Traverse. Chez Briasson, libraire.*

An Extract from the first part of Marshal de Puysegur's Treatise on the art of war; with observations and reflections by way of abridgment.—An Essay on divers principles of the art of war, extracted partly from Follard's comments upon Polybius, and partly from other authors. By Baron de Traverse, knight of the order of St. Lewis, a captain in the Swiss guards, and a brigadier in his majesty's service. 2 vols. 12°.

The Baron dedicates his work to the soldiery, who will find it to abound with precepts and instructions worthy of being attended to; as they are the result of judgment and experience. These two volumes appear at first view to be separate pieces; but a little reflection shews their analogy, and mutual dependence on each other; and that they form together a complete body of military doctrine. The first volume points out the principles of war; the second reconciles the application of those principles to the grand operations of war. The extracts are very exact; and if the Baron sometimes differs from Puysegur, or the great Follard, he does it modestly and with the greatest respect for those celebrated characters.

AMSTERDAM.

THERE have been lately published here, *Dr. Robert Douglas's Essay upon the Generation of Animal Heat*, translated into French; and also a French translation of the much-admired *Life of Lord Bacon*, by *David Mallett, Esq*; together with *Lord Bacon's Essay on the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*. Also, a work entitled,

ART. XIX. *Analise de la philosophie du chancelier François Bacon*; or, An Analysis of Lord Bacon's philosophy.

Here we are promised a faithful abridgment of the principles, literary progress and discoveries, that have immortalized the memory of this great man; and we expected to have been furnished with an extract of his most refined gold, freed from alloy, dross, or deceit; the very quintessence of so valuable a mine, without any mixture, contradictory either to his illustrations or intentions; nor did we think to find him misrepresented, by having tenets laid to his charge, which he never supported, and are only the result of his publisher's imagination. However we see him in many places misquoted; and his thoughts dressed up in a light, very different from his intention. Thus, in treating of the different opinions concerning matter, held by religion and philosophy, our analyst has established absolute contradictions; as also in speaking of the motion of matter, which, instead of illustrating and handling with the neatness and precision of the illustrious philosopher, the analyst has confounded and obscured; and, on this account, perhaps, these two volumes appear without any index, or table, referring the reader to that particular part of the original work, from whence the extracts have been made. This is a test, which our analysis-writer could not readily undergo, without having his impertinence and injustice exposed.

WITTENBURG (a City in Saxony).

ART. XX. *D. Jo. Frederici Weidleri mathematicum superiorum professoris, &c. spicilegium observationum ad historiam notarum numeralium pertinentium, &c.*

A Collection of observations concerning the history of the signs of arithmetic; by Fred. Weidler, professor of mathematics, &c.

THIS is only any essay at endeavouring to prove the time in which the present manner of counting by arithmetical signs from one to nine, was first used. In it our author has been extremely industrious; but it would be injustice to say, that he has left the dispute in any other than a conjectural situation; and in that he found it.

Monthly CATALOGUE.

✓ Art. 21. *A letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Cbi at Peking.* Graham.

THE learned Vossius has long since assured us, that there is not a nation upon earth, that has more wit and humour than the Chinese. Some modern travellers have indeed been of another opinion; and the Rev. Mr. Walters is so angry with them for not gaping and staring like Englishmen, that he will scarce allow them common sense. To all such Anti-Sinians we would recommend the perusal of this letter from the ingenious Xo Ho; who, though but lately arrived in these parts, seems to be as well acquainted with Old England, as if he had been born and bred in the county of N——. ‘An Englishman (says this shrewd remarker) has no fixed ideas. An Englishman loves or hates his king once or twice in a winter, and that for no reason but because he loves or hates the ministry in being. This people are incomprehensible. Formerly they had two parties, now they have three factions, and each of these factions has something of the name, or something of the principles of each of those parties. I thought, that in a country where the whole real business of their general assembly was to chuse ministers, they could never be without: I was deceived. I thought, that when a prince dismissed one minister, he would take another: I was deceived. I thought when a nation was engaged in a great war with a superior power, that they must have council: I was deceived. Reason in China is not reason in England. An officer of the treasury may be displaced, and a judge can execute his office. Their high-priest died lately; I waited to see from what profession, which had nothing to do with religion, his successor would be chosen.’ — ‘Last year the English lost a valuable island: the people were enraged; they blamed the admiral who commanded their fleet, the admiral who directed their fleet, their chief judge, their chief treasurer, their chief secretary. The first admiral was imprisoned; the rest quarrelled, and gave up their employments. The chief man of the little faction was made minister, and his friends got places; yet the friends of the other two factions retained theirs. An enquiry or trial of the late ministers was determined: the imprisoned admiral was tried, acquitted, condemned, and put to death. The trials of the others were delayed. At last they were tried—Not as I expected, whether they were guilty, but whether they should be ministers again or not. If the executed admiral had lived, he too might be a minister.’ — ‘The English have no sun, no summer as we have, at least their sun does not scorch like ours. They content themselves with names. At a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes summer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. Their monarch, when he goes into the country, passes in his calash by a row of high trees, goes along a gravel walk, crosses one of the chief streets, is driven by the side of a canal between two rows of lamps, at the end of which he has a small house, and then he is supposed to be in the country. I saw this ceremony yesterday. As soon as he was gone, the men put on under vestments of white linen, and the women left off

‘ off those vast draperies which they call *boops*, and which I have described to thee ; and then all the men and all the women said ‘ it was hot. If thou wilt believe me, I am now writing to thee before a fire.’

There are some other strokes of true humour in this little performance, which, for certain reasons, we shall not extract ; but refer our readers to the piece itself, price only six-pence value.

- Art. 22. *A collection of the dresses of different nations, antient and modern, particularly old English dresses, after the designs of Holbein, Vandyke, Hollar, and others. With an account of the authorities from which the figures are taken, and some short historical remarks on the subject. To which are added, the habits of the principal characters on the English stage. In two folio volumes. By Thomas Jefferys, geographer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Price 2 guineas and a half small paper ; large, 5 guineas. The former, beautifully coloured, is sold for 5 guineas ; the latter for 7 guineas.*

The frontispiece exhibits Adam and Eve immediately after the fall, sewing fig-leaves together to cover their nakedness.

The collection itself is curious, and the figures well executed. The eye is entertained with a pleasing variety ; and the different nations of the globe pass in review before us. Here the studious historian may even distinguish the general character of a whole people, by the features and drapery of an individual ; for even dress is characteristic. Those who direct the fashion, will here find a great number of valuable hints for alteration and improvement ; and the book will prove an inexhaustible store for the gay world that frequent masquerades. It will enable them to suit all statures, shapes, characters, and seasons, from the sultan to the slave, from the muffled Polish lady to the half-naked Arabian princess. All imperfections may be concealed, and all beauties disclosed to the best advantage. For the perusal of the quality, Mr. Jeffereys has coloured some copies on a larger paper ; and, to render the use of it more extensive, he has translated the explanations into the French language.

- Art. 23. *True Merit, true Happiness ; exemplified in the entertaining and instructive Memoirs of Mr. S——. 12mo. 2 vols. Pr. 6s. Noble.*

The authors of the *Critical Review* acknowledge the favour done them by the dedication of this *incomparable* performance. They have expressed their thanks more fully to Mess. Noble, and their various understrappers, at the end of their last number. It is what would never have been thought of, had not these *judicious brethren* continued to load them with civilities, of which not to take some notice might be deemed ingratitude ; and our opinion of this worthy association of publishers and polluters of paper may be found in the following line of Ausonius,

Quid stulti proprium ? non posse, & velle nocere.

The book in hand, which we are told is translated from a French novel, intitled, *Les memoires et aventures d'un bourgeois*, is just such another piece of absurd cobbling as *Sir Andrew Thomson*. In the original story there is nothing remarkably interesting or ingenious ; nor has the costive brain of the translator been able to add any thing to

its merit. He has laid the scene of action in England; and being ~~as~~ ignorant of the laws, customs, and manners of both nations, as he is of the rules of grammar, sense, and shame, he has made of them a most distasteful jumble. Thus he introduces a masquerade at a petty apothecary's; and substituting a justice of peace in the place of the French *lieutenant de police*, leaves to his decision matters that in England can only be determined in a court of judicature. Would that it were in the power of some *sensible justice* to commit such dull rogues to the house of correction, for endeavouring to impose on the public: by beating hemp they might be in *some* measure serviceable to their country.

In the very first page this *bungler* shews his ignorance of grammar, by writing the preterimperfect, when it ought to have been the preterpluperfect tense. 'If prosperity was ever the infallible attendant of true merit, my parents would have probably shone in a very exalted sphere.' Whereas the sentence should have run thus: 'If prosperity had ever been, &c.' Again, in the 5th page, he says, 'Love stepped in to my assistance, and contributed much to the *furthering* of what I never could have arrived at without it.' Does not this curious sentence imply, that our hero was in pursuit of something, at which he should never have arrived, had not love removed it *farther* from his reach?

But he commits a greater blunder in a few pages more; for he tells us, that he 'enjoyed a malicious kind of pleasure in the confusion that his *absence* would occasion at home;' and, two or three lines lower, we find, that this *absence* is his *presence*; for he goes home directly to *increase his family's distress*. I am sure if this translator, rather fitter to translate soles than sense, has any family, the many instances he gives of his being a thorough-paced blockhead must increase *their* distress. And we have reason to wish the *fit of writing* had never seized him, when we are reminded of *fits* by the frequent swooning of his hero.

In the 17th page of the first volume, he introduces a lady *lighted by her son*. This same son must surely have been a luminous body, or he could not have lighted his mother; a flambeau, or perhaps a farthing-candle!

Talking of a wedding, he tells us, 'There had not been any time to make suitable preparations for it; and that for this reason, they had invited but very few, and determined to keep the whole a secret for some days at least.' The *preparations* are certainly what were invited, and they also were to be kept a *secret*; for we cannot, after the most curious search, discover that *few* and *whole* relate to any thing else. There is no other substantive in the compass of the page to which these two words can be possibly reconciled.

Mr. S— tells us, that he had relations of all ages and professions, who found him constant employment. As he makes no exception here, have we not room to think he sometimes helped his cousin the butler to clean the knives, or his brother's son at the corner of the street to wipe shoes?

Having been wounded in a duel, he says, 'My wounds closed daily more and more, and they took care to divert me, and keep me as chearful as they could, by continual messages, &c.' Could any man have more comfortable wounds? They not only *diverted* and kept him chearful, but brought him *continual messages*; which, he informs us a little lower, (and indeed he had been otherwise ungrateful

to these necessary and useful wounds) *be looked upon as so many testimonies of their friendship and esteem.*

From these few observations the reader will be enabled to form a judgment of the work; the *true merit* of which we would by no means depreciate. But beauties equal to what we have selected abound in every page. Are not then the writers of a *Review* to be pitied, because obliged to run over such pieces of incoherency, absurdity, and nonsense? and if we fling them aside, without reading them through, as unworthy of the public attention, will any body blame us?

- ✓ Art. 24. *Numbers I. and II. containing thirteen sheets, of the History of the Popes, from St. Peter to Benedict XIII. inclusively. Translated from the French. With additional Notes and Observations by the Translator.*

The translator, in his address to the public, has produced some strong presumptions against the common received opinion, that the original history of the popes was written by Mr. Bruys, who has been decried as an apostate from the religion of Rome. Abroad, this work has been imputed to a society of Jansenists in France, who concealed their names, lest they should have been exposed to the vengeance of the ecclesiastical powers in that country. They are said to have intrusted the care of the publication to Bruys, who at that time resided at the Hague; and thence arose the opinion of his being author of the performance. If we consider that Mr. Bruys was but six-and-twenty years old when the work appeared compleat; that he began his travels in the nineteenth year of his age, and was employed in Holland upon a periodical work, intitled, *Critique desintéressée des journaux littéraires, et des ouvrages des sçavans*, we can hardly suppose him to have been really the author of this work, which could not have been compiled without great study and close application. But whosoever might have been the author, he has finished his task with great care, accuracy, and spirit. The authorities are well collated, and judiciously used; the remarks are just and pertinent; the style is free, concise, and perspicuous; the narrative is entertaining; the frauds and imposture of the church of Rome are detected and exposed; and the whole work may be justly denominated a protestant composition. Though no event of consequence mentioned in Bower's history is here omitted, but, on the contrary, several essential particulars omitted by him are related by this author; yet this second number comes lower down than his first volume, which ends with the death of Celestine I. The fourth number will extend farther than his second volume; and the sixth, completing the first volume of this work, will be brought down to the year 816; whereas the three volumes of Bower reach no lower than the year 755. That gentleman has been convicted of having servilely translated Tillemont; and we will venture to say, he has been as much indebted to this work, though he has not had the modesty or gratitude to take the least notice of it in the whole course of his production.

The translation is elegantly printed in quarto. The translator appears to be a master of the French language. His judicious notes demonstrate that he is perfectly well acquainted with the subject: his style is spirited and correct; and we heartily recommend his performance to the encouragement of the public.

- ✓ *Art. 25. An answer to that important question, whether it is lawful for the professors of the Christian religion to go to plays? with some soliloquies annexed. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Buckland.*

The pious author of this little piece having, in imitation of the good *St. Austin*, taken it into his head, that the devil's favourite place of residence is a play-house, endeavours to dissuade his readers from venturing into one: a project, which considering the present taste of the age, is about as likely to succeed as would be a scheme to prevent eating and drinking, by proving them incentives to vice and intemperance. Lest we should be ignorant of what he means by going to plays, this ingenious gentleman has taken care to inform us in the three first lines: 'by going to plays (*says he*) I mean going to those assemblies where tragedies, comedies, and such diversions are performed.' Having thus obligingly explained himself, he proceeds to shew the unlawfulness of these assemblies, by observing that, 'the design of the managers and actors or performers is to excite and increase in all who go to them a love and a fondness for the sensual pleasures they exhibit; and therefore, since such is their design, it is sinful for Christians to encourage them in it, as every one does who goes to a play.' In answer to which assertion we will venture to assure our anti-theatrical friend, that he is sadly mistaken; and that the design of the manager, actors, &c. is evidently no more than the design of this honest gentleman's taylor, barber, shoemaker, &c. viz. a design to get money, and provide for themselves, by supplying the necessities, and contributing to the pleasures of others; and that they have really no more design to make men wicked, than he (this author) has to make them laugh; which, notwithstanding, may happen, in spite of his intentions to the contrary.

His next argument against going to plays, has a little more sense in it; which is, that attendance on plays is inconsistent with the serious and seasonable performances of the important duties of family and secret worship, which is neglected for this diversion. But our author does not see, that he is arguing from the abuse to the disuse; and that it is the excess, and not the thing itself, which is in any degree culpable. He adds, that thirdly, play-houses are places of manifold temptations; and that, on this account, we ought never to go to them. He then indulges his vein of enthusiasm in what he calls three *soliloquies*, where he cries out, 'O my poor soul, my wretched soul! what will become of me! God be merciful to me a most foolish and wretched sinner, and spare me, and make me to become wise unto salvation! Lord help me evermore to abstain from all assemblies for sensual diversions, and to withstand and overcome all temptations to them! and, with thy assistance, I will read thy holy word, and go to those religious assemblies that meet to worship and to enjoy thee. I will go to them to hear the Gospel preached, which shews the right and effectual way to be saved.'

Our author spends about twenty pages in this declamatory fashion; and concludes with a quotation from one of Watts's hymns.

Upon the whole, we do not think this writer against the stage possessed of quite so much wit as *Jeremy Collier*; nor would we, in spite of this formidable performance, advise messieurs *Garrick* and *Rich* to part with their patents before next winter.

Art.

- ✓ Art. 26. *A Review of the Military Operations in North America, from the commencement of the French hostilities on the frontiers of Virginia in 1753, to the surrender of Oswego, on the 14th of August 1756. Interspersed with various observations, characters, and anecdotes; necessary to give light into the conduct of American transactions in general, and more especially into the political management of affairs in New York. In a letter to a Nobleman. Pr. 3 s. sew'd, Doddsley.*

This performance is written in a spirited stile, which however is not altogether free from affectation and fustian. The author observes a clear and distinct method, and great perspicuity runs thro' his whole narration. He gives us a succinct account of the factions in New York for a series of years past, which he attributes chiefly to the restless ambition and undue influence of Lieut. Gov. De Lancey, whose picture he draws at full length, and, we may say, in very black colours. According to our author, the great losses we have suffered in America have been chiefly owing to the disappointed ambition of De Lancey, who, jealous of the reputation of governor Shirley, practised all his arts to ruin his character, and to obstruct his schemes, which were formed most judiciously for the good of the public. The writer professes the greatest veneration for truth: however, we think in his letter there is an appearance of an attachment to a party, which may have led him undesignedly to exaggerate the actions of his favourite, whose justification seems to have been the principal design of his performance. Besides De Lancey, and some others mentioned in the pamphlet, Sir William Johnson too, against whom our author brings several heavy charges, is accused of having done more prejudice than service to the public cause; but as he has produced no vouchers in support of the truth of his narration, and other accounts have been different from his, we can only say that *fides est penes auctorem*. We think, that, according to his own plan, he ought to have been more full in his account of the transactions of the year 1753, which the French lay the greatest stress upon, in their endeavours to throw the odium of the first hostilities on the subjects of Great Britain; and we wish this the more, as the author appears very well qualified to set the incroachments of the French in a just light, and to detect the sophistry of the arguments used by them to persuade the world that their designs were honourable, and that they meant no harm by continually sending forces to America.

- ✓ Art. 27. *A letter of abuse to D——d G——k, Esq; 8vo Pr. 6 d. Scott.* 7d

On perusing this pamphlet, we find that it must be read backward, like a witch's prayer, and that the word *abuse* means *flattery*. It seems to have been written by some dirty menial of the theatre, with a view of shewing his loyalty, and recommending himself to the favour of the sovereign of Drury-Lane. His majesty however is not greatly obliged to his liege subject for the performance, which is very poor and contemptible. As Mr. G——k's conduct in the management of his little kingdom, together with the wrongs of M——n and C——r, are, we apprehend, of no great consequence to the public,

our readers will, we hope, excuse any abstracts from a thing which could neither convey instruction, nor afford the least entertainment to them.

✓ Art. 28. *The proposal, commonly called Sir Matthew Decker's scheme, for one general tax upon houses, laid open; and shewed to be a deep concerted project to traduce the wisdom of the legislature, disquiet the minds of the people, and ruin the trade and manufactures of Great-Britain.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Shuckburgh.

The author of this pamphlet appears to us to have treated his subject with great precision and impartiality, and we think he has clearly demonstrated the impracticability of the scheme for dropping all other taxes, and raising six millions of pounds a year by one general tax upon houses, which he justly observes, 'mult be a deception according to the plan of its author, as the same sum of money is to be annually raised, fewer people are to contribute towards it, and those who are contributors are to pay a great deal less than they did before;' all which, it is evident, cannot possibly be.

✓ Art. 29. *Lisbon restored. A vision.*

This poem seems to be the work of a man of taste, who possesses some genius for poetry. He has handled his subject with solemnity, and there are some flights of fancy in it that cannot fail to recommend it to true judges.

✓ Art. 30. *The Antigallican privateer; being a genuine narrative from her leaving Deptford, Sept. 17, 1756, to the present time. Containing, among other particulars, an account of the taking the Duc de Pentbievre East-India-man, which was afterwards detained at Cadiz; and the proceedings thereupon. To which is added, A letter from the Escorial to Lord W———. Shewing the general sentiments of the Spaniards, in relation to the war between England and France. By a Gentleman just arrived from Cadiz.* 8vo. 1s. Reason.

This is a cold, insipid narrative of the several transactions relating to the said privateer, collected mostly from the news-papers, and injudiciously thrown together; though the author endeavours to shew his skill in political knowledge, by being severe upon the character of the late lord Albemarle. The letter from the Escorial, added at the end of the narrative, is vague and trifling, and contains a patched medley of several subjects. The author of it, before he had attempted to compose Latin verses, should have learned to write Latin.

Of the letter of thanks to Mr. Pitt, inserted in this pamphlet, and which we have also seen in the news-papers, we are to judge from the following paragraph, published on Tuesday, April 26. in an evening-paper.

The letter said to be writ to Mr. Pitt by the owners of the Antigallican privateer, is looked upon as the most audacious forgery that has been put in practice for some time. The use of such an artifice to raise the price of a share or shares in the privateer, gives too much reason to think that the court of Madrid has very good ground for ordering the prize to be restored

to the French. Indeed we are credibly informed that some of the balls fired by the privateer came ashore at Corunna.

If the ship is not delivered up, and, we are sorry to say, we have no reason to think she is, a letter giving Mr. Pitt thanks for her being restored, is a gross affront to his character; from which the society whose name was made use of ought to clear themselves.

✓ *Art. 31. Answer to Dr. William Brakenridge's letter concerning the number of inhabitants, within the London bills of mortality. Wherein the doctor's letter is inserted at large, his arguments proved inconclusive, and the number of inhabitants increasing. By George Burrington, Esq; heretofore governor of North Carolina. 8vo. 1 s. Scott.*

Dr. Brakenridge, from several calculations, concludes, that the number of inhabitants within the bills of mortality, till about the year 1708 increased; from thence to 1743, it remained nearly in the same state: but, that since this period, it has been continually diminishing. Governor Burrington stands up for the propagation of mankind: he compares the doctor's hypothesis to a cathedral anthem. He affirms, that more people of quality reside within the bills of mortality during the winter-season now, than in former times; that church-yards have been enlarged, and their number increased; that the children of Papists, Jews, Greeks, Lutherans, Moravians, Anabaptists, and other dissenters, are not baptised according to the rites and ceremonies of the English church. But, with the governor's good leave, we must observe that this was likewise the case before the year 1743; and therefore the argument will not avail him.—He says, where the number of lusty bachelors is large, many are the merry-begotten babes; that when the father is an honest fellow, and a true church of England-man, the new-born infant is baptised by an indigent priest, and the father provides for the child; but Papists, Jews, and other dissenters, send their bastards to the Foundling Hospital.—Surely this circumstance will not invalidate the doctor's inference, for they are baptised. With regard to the increase of burying-places, it proves nothing but that the old cemeteries were full; and this would have happened without any immediate increase of mortality. Besides, it may have been the effect of whim or fashion. People may affect a change of situation for their dead as well as their living bodies. The governor speaks feelingly of the hardships to which bachelors are exposed from pregnant wenches that swear bastards against them, as well as the cruel methods practised by parish-nurses for the destruction of innocent babes. But he happens to be a little mistaken about the revocation of the edict of Nantz: we suppose he means the revocation of the edict, which took place not, as he says, in the reign of Charles, but in that of James II. We are likewise afraid, that even Dr. James's powder will not greatly contribute to an increase of the inhabitants: nor can we perceive great weight in the argument, supposing that the decrease of the number of houses in London is not a proof that the number of inhabitants is diminished. Nor can we think the doctor's reasons are generally *frivolous*; nor do we comprehend for what purpose the governor has introduced the simile of *salivating without mercury*, which is a process we do not understand, unless

less he means the flaying of an idiot. Neither can we agree with the learned governor, in his opinion, that there never was, nor ever will be, any situation for a city where five millions of people could live. He will, we apprehend, find several cities in China that contain each a much greater number.—On the whole, we do not doubt but Dr. William Brakenridge may be mistaken in his computations; but we do not pretend to determine whether he or governor Burrington has the better title to a place in *Bethlem College*, of which the latter says the doctor's arguments seems to favour.

- ✓ Art. 32. *An alarm to Great-Britain; with an invitation to repentance, from the respite of judgment. Represented in a sermon delivered at Northampton, February 11, 1757. Appointed to be observed as a day of general and public fasting, humiliation and prayer. Published at the earnest request of the congregation that heard it. By R. Gilbert. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Buckland.*

This is a plain, sensible, and pious discourse; but as it contains nothing very remarkable either in regard to style or sentiment, we shall not trouble our readers with any extracts from it.

- ✓ Art. 33. *Evident proofs; or, an answer to the memoire raisonnée of the court of Berlin, in vindication of the conduct of the courts of Vienna and Dresden. With a series of original letters that passed between the king of Poland and the king of Prussia; and other interesting pieces. Translated from the original printed at Warsaw. 4to. Pr. 2s. 6d. Owen.*

The king of Prussia, in order to justify his invasion of Saxony, published some time ago a *memoire raisonnée*, of which we have given an account in a former number. As he alleged in that memorial, that tho' he committed the first hostilities, he was not the aggressor in the present war betwixt him and the queen of Hungary, but that, as the courts of Vienna, Peterburgh and Dresden, having entered into a treaty to invade and share his dominions, he was obliged, by a pressing necessity, to take possession of Saxony, as a means of his own defence; the author of these *evident proofs* endeavours to justify the conduct of the court of Dresden, and affirms, that the Prussian memorial contains only vain, unproved assertions, glossed over with an air of probability. After giving a very affecting account of the present miseries of Saxony, he informs us; that the king of Prussia, in the end of August last, asked a *transitus innoxius*, or peaceful passage through Saxony for his army, protesting solemnly, at the same time, that he had nothing to charge the king of Poland with, however, without waiting for an answer, he entered the electorate with his army, and the very next day after he begun to act in a hostile manner, palliating his infringement of the law of nations, by alledging, that he had several copies of papers containing matter sufficient for just suspicion against the court of Saxony. If he had entertained suspicions against the king of Poland, 'Why (says the author) did he not ask an explanation of them before he proceeded to hostilities, as he had done three times at the court of Vienna with regard to the intentions of that court?' In answer to the king of Prussia's accusation of the elector of Saxony for acceding with the queen of Hungary to the treaty of Peterburgh,

burgh, by which a partition of the Prussian dominions was made among the three contracting parties, the author declares, first, That the treaty of Peterburgh was purely defensive ; the *casus fœderis*, or the very condition of its being put in execution, was hostilities being first commenced by the king of Prussia against any one of the allies or the republic of Poland : and secondly, That though the elector of Saxony was invited by the two empresses to accede to that treaty, yet the negotiation for that purpose was never brought to a conclusion. He adds likewise, that the king of Prussia's unexpected invasion of Saxony, evidently shews the great necessity of taking precautions against his ambition ; and that though in defensive alliances, the allies, for the most part, mutually stipulate assistance to each other in troops or money, yet natural equity does not circumscribe free states by such narrow limits ; but that one ally may engage as principal with another, in a war undertaken for the defence of either of them, and consequently may stipulate for a share of the conquests to be made : which principles, he says, cannot be disavowed by the house of Brandenburg, as they have been practised by the great elector Frederic William, in his treaty with Lewis XIV. in 1656 ; with the states-general of the united provinces in 1672 ; and with the house of Austria against Sweden in 1658. Though this memorial is diffuse and immethodical, yet we think the author of it produces many things which greatly invalidate that of the court of Berlin. There are many inaccuracies in the translation, and, by several expressions, the translator seems not to understand the different idioms of the English and French languages.

- ✓ Art. 34. *Some observations on the use of the agaric, and its insufficiency in stopping hæmorrhages after capital operations, in a letter to a surgeon in the country. By George Neal, surgeon to the London-hospital. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Robinson.*

We recommend this pamphlet as an honest effort to undeceive the public of a mistaken notion that may prove fatal to the lives of our fellow-creatures. After all the encomiums which have been bestowed upon the fungus called *Agaric*, Mr. Neale has proved, by experience, that its efficacy has been exaggerated ; that it will fail nine times in ten instances of application ; and that its failure is often attended with death. If this is really the case, as we believe it is, from the seeming candour and moderation with which Mr. Neale's letter is written, the insufficiency of the *agaric* cannot have escaped the knowledge of those practitioners by which it has been so loudly extolled ; and therefore they are inexcusable in having concealed their conviction from the world, which their error has tended so much to mislead in an affair of such importance to human life. Mr. Neale is likewise dubious of the *fungus vinosus*, which has been used as a styptic in amputations by Mr. Ford, though it does not appear that he speaks on this subject from experience. We wish that he, and other judicious gentlemen of the profession, who practise in hospitals, would prove, by experiments, the virtue of this escrecence, as well as of the *lycoperdon* which has been so much celebrated in France for its restraining quality.

- ✓ Art. 35. *Old English valour: being an account of a remarkable sea-engagement, anno 1591. Written by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt. very proper to be read by sea-officers and British sailors.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Baldwin.

This is a nervous, well-written account of the famous engagement of Sir Richard Greenville, in the ship *Revenge*, near Flores, one of the western isles, where, with the complement of an hundred men, he maintained a battle against fifteen large ships of war, from three o'clock in the afternoon, 'till next morning, when all his ammunition being expended, the greater part of his crew killed or maimed, his ship utterly disabled, and himself mortally wounded, he directed the gunner to set fire to the vessel, that she might not fall into the hands of the enemy. This order would have been obeyed, had not the captain and other officers interposed, and confined the gunner to his cabin. They capitulated with the Spanish admiral, Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the marquis of Santa Cruz, and surrendered upon honourable terms. Don Alphonso expressed the utmost esteem and admiration of the gallant Greenville, who died on the second day after the engagement, in which a thousand Spaniards had been destroyed. The admiral of the *Hulks*, and the *Ascension* of Seville, were sunk along-side of the *Revenge*; a third reached the road of St. Michael's, where she sunk also; and a fourth was run ashore by the men to prevent her foundering at sea.— *Tempora mutantur.*

- N ✓ Art. 36. *The life of Mr. John Van, a clergyman's son, of Woody, in Hampshire. Being a Series of many extraordinary events, and surprising vicissitudes. In which are shewn, among a great number of singular and merry occurrences, his entrance into the army as a trooper; his bravery against the rebels; his marriage with an heiress of eight hundred pounds a year, at St. Ives in Huntingdonshire; his conduct in high life; his favours from fortune, and reduction to poverty. Written by his friend and acquaintance, G. S. Green.* 2 vols. Pr. 6s. Noble.

This is the life of a poor country clergyman's son, who, after enlisting as a trooper, marries a farmer's daughter, with whom he gets 15000l. fortune, which he soon runs through, being a man of an indolent unthinking temper, but extremely benevolent; and his wife dying some time after, he and his six children ship themselves off for the plantations, where the second vol. closes, leaving us room to hope that the ingenious Mr. Green will furnish us with a supplemental account of their adventures in other parts of the world.

The situations of this piece are quite in low-life; it every where abounds with attempts at humour, which are but faint, and we could not find any thing interesting in the whole.

- ✓ Art. 37. *Love and friendship: or, the fair fugitive. Exemplified in the histories of two families of distinction in the west of England; and interspers'd with a variety of characters, and several pleasing and interesting incidents.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. Reeve.

This novel has at least the merit of being crowded with incidents, all of them so much within the sphere of civil life, as not to wander into

into romance, though some of them pass beyond the bounds of probability. The adventures don't, indeed, much affect; and some of them are not well unravelled.

Persons who are, however, fond of story, and don't relish the breaks of it by reflections, will not here have their impatience pestered with them. The march of the narrative is lively, natural, and uninterrupted; the language plain, and properly adapted to common life, on which the subject-matter turns. Those, in short, who like novel-reading, will have as little room to complain in this, as in most other pieces of the like nature, with which the people have of late years been so abundantly entertained.

- ✓ Art. 38. *The Anti-gallican; or, the history and adventures of Harry Cobham, Esq; inscribed to Louis the XVth, by the author. 12mo. Pr. 3s. Lownds.*

The Anti-gallican is a good popular title, and herein, as far as we can judge, consists the whole merit of the piece; it is indeed *vox & prætera nihil*, which we would recommend to the author as a motto to his second edition.

- Art. 39. *The muse in a moral humour: being a collection of agreeable and instructive tales, fables, pastorals, &c. By several hands. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Noble.*

Whoever made this collection, is a friend to virtue and morality, as well as a man of taste, the pieces being most of them judiciously chosen, and such as tempt us to read, and at the same time contribute to polish the mind. Among them we find Mr. Pope's fine epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, where

'Black melancholy fits, and round her throws
'A death-like silence, and a dread repose.'

with Mr. Parnel's celebrated *hermit*; his *rise of woman*; and several others, most of them equally beautiful.

- ✓ Art. 40. *The love of the world described, and proved to be inconsistent with the love of God. A sermon preached on February the 11th, 1757. Being the day appointed for a solemn fast and humiliation. By John Cooksey, A. M. F. R. S. rector of the united parishes of St. Antholin and St. John Baptist, London, and minister of Wimbledon in Surry. 4to. Pr. 1s. Sandby.*

Mr. Cooksey's sermon is, according to the present fashion, so larded with quotations from scripture, that very little of his own is left either for praise or censure; nor has it indeed any thing throughout that might distinguish it from the rest of the discourses on this occasion.

Which dully took their turn, and were forgotten.

- ✓ Art. 41. *The report of the general officers appointed to inquire into the conduct of major general Stuart, and colonels Cornwallis and earl of Effingham, December 8, 1756. To which is prefixed, his majesty's warrant, 8vo. Pr. 6d. Cooper.*

This is a plain account of what was spoken, and represented in writing, by the three officers above-mentioned, in their own justification

tion at the inquiry into their conduct ; from whence the three general officers, Ligoneer, Huske and Cholmondely, who were appointed by his majesty to examine them, declared, ' That their conduct was ' clear from any suspicion of disobedience of orders, or neglect of ' duty.'

Art. 42. *The trial of the lady Allured Luxury, before the lord chief justice Upright, on an information for a conspiracy.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Noble.

As the lady mentioned in the title page is a foreigner, she is tried by a jury of half foreigners and half English, her council being Mr. Burgamot, and Mr. serjeant Perfume. The chief of those witnesses which appear against her are, Henry True-britain, lord Good-mind, three hundred C——s of great rank, the lord mayor and the whole court of aldermen, general Fusileer, captain Hardy, and John Type, printer and bookseller ; — and of those who are examined in her defence, are my lord b—p of —, Moses Cappadocia, lord Sixieme at the head of the whole club of W—s, Mr. Silver-filk, mercer, the duchess of St. Prendre, the marchioness de Brug, the countess of Demoivre, and the whole college of physicians, with their president. — After the examination of the witnesses, the jury brought in the prisoner guilty of every charge in the information ; ' but on her return ' from her trial, she was rescued by a mob of nobility and gentry, ' who now entertain and caress her in defiance of all law and justice ; ' and as they are all known, we hear a proclamation will be issued ' against them, in which their names and titles will be particularly ' specified — *God save the king.*' Such is the issue of the trial, which we think is written with spirit and elegance, and, under the mask of gaiety, contains a great deal of genteel satyr. We do not intirely approve of the author's dedication, which appears a little motley, being half serious, and half comical ; but in the trial he has observed more propriety, and made each of the persons 'peak in character. As the effects and consequences of luxury are a very thread-bare subject, we do not find any thing new in this performance ; however, the author, by his manner of presenting his instructions, has given them the appearance of novelty ; and though they have been repeated a thousand times before, they cannot, however, be too often inculcated.

✓ Art. 43. *An appeal to the people: part the second. On the different deserts and fate of admiral Byng and his enemies: the changes in the last administration: the year of liberty or thralldom.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Morgan.

This pamphlet contains some very severe, and we think not unjust, strictures upon the resolutions of the late court-martial at Portsmouth. The author having, in his title page, absurdly coupled a motto from scripture, and another from Horace, begins in his usual bombast stile, with such intricate and perplexed periods, that it is very hard to discover in them any sense or English. But in his discussion of the resolutions of the court-martial, he is much more distinct, and the greater part of his observations are reasonable and judicious. Towards the conclusion, however, he has again indulged his appetite for furious railing and invective, and for several pages has let loose his temper and

and his pen against the dissenters in the city, who, according to him, are blood-thirsty hypocrites, and ready, at the desire of the ministers, to sustain the cause of Satan against Christ.

✓ Art. 44. *Observations on the conduct of the late administration; particularly in regard to our loss of Minorca: and on our foreign transactions, which may have been the fatal cause of it.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.

There are many very sensible remarks in this performance; however, it has all the appearance of having proceeded precipitately both from the author and from the press.

Art. 45. ENGRAVING.

MR. *Strange* has at length published his *Belisarius*; which, in our opinion, is by far the most elegant and best finished print that any artist of this nation ever produced. We need not now envy other countries their *Edelinck*, *Nanteuil*, *Audran*, *Freij*, and *Le Bas*. This excellent engraver has already equalled the best of them; and we prognosticate he will infinitely surpass them all, if his merit meet with due encouragement.

SOME friends of Mr. Pott, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's hospital, having complained that he was too severely treated by the authors of the *Critical Review*, in their remarks upon his last pamphlet on a particular kind of rupture; they take this liberty of assuring Mr. Pott, that they would be much better pleased with an opportunity of commending, than with any occasion to depreciate his productions. They are very well-disposed to believe him innocent of the charge of plagiarism, and own his little treatise is writ with accuracy. They must likewise confess, that he was unjustly taxed with having quoted *Cheselden*: but this error, which was of no consequence, the *Reviewers* were led into by the mistake of the young gentleman by whom the remarks were communicated. After having made this sacrifice to candour, they must be allowed to make the public acquainted with the following circumstances, which they have been at pains to collect on the subject of that species of rupture in which the intestine, or omentum, is found in the same cavity, and in contact with the testicle. A good many years ago, Dr. Hunter and Mr. Sharp dissected together two ruptures, which happened to be on different sides in the same subject. In one of these the intestine was found contiguous to the testicle. Instances of the same kind afterwards occurred to the doctor's observation. He communicated them to Mr. *Cheselden*; and it was generally supposed, that this contiguity of the intestine was owing to a rupture in the tunica vaginalis. As such it is exhibited in the 21st plate, inserted by way of illustration to *Cheselden's* remarks on *Le Dran's* operations; and there Mr. Hunter is expressly mentioned as the person from whom he had the cases; though the late Dr. James Douglas had given him the first account of these herniæ. Anatomists were still in the dark with regard to the true formation of these ruptures: yet we find an observation which almost amounts to a discovery, in a treatise on the hydrocele, published in the year 1755, by that ingenious and accurate anatomist Mr. John Douglas. 'In an infant I dissected two years ago (says he, in a note, p. 168.)

p. 168.) the peritonæum was formed exactly the same as in most animals, an elongation sent off from it being expanded over the testicles, and the spermatic vessels, &c. running behind it; so that there was no tunica vaginalis, and the cavity in which the testicles were lodged was evidently continued with the abdomen. In this case, a hernia would be found in the same cavity with the testicle. But the exact manner in which those ruptures are formed, was lately described as an inference by the learned Haller, in his *Opuscula Pathologica*. Treating of the herniæ congenitæ, he first describes the situation of the testicles in the fœtus, and the nature of the tunica vaginalis open towards the abdomen before it receives the testicle; then he makes his inference in these words: ‘Herniarum, ni fallor, congenitarum modus hinc elucescit, quo generantur; patulus est processus peritonæi sub renibus positus, qui expectat testem invitatus apertio ostio, atque eo deorsum ex solita lege pulso urgetur, inque scrotum una descendit. Cum autem his in corporibus testes eodem cum intestinis sacco omnino contineantur, nihil est singularis five inexpectati, si ea in apertum saccum a levi vi depressa fuerint.’ Nevertheless, he speaks dubiously on the subject, and seems to think that the processus peritonæi is not open in diseased bodies. Dr. Hunter, from this hint, concluded that those herniæ, even in adults, in which the testicle and intestine or omentum were contiguous, had been originally formed in this manner. He dissected a great number of bodies in order to ascertain this conclusion; he confirmed it by repeated experiments, he procured drawings, he made preparation of the parts, he demonstrated it to his pupils; so that he seems to have been the first who made the proper application of Haller’s theory. If Mr. John Douglas explained the same particulars to his pupils, without having any communication with Dr. Hunter, both these gentlemen have the merit of the improvement; *et tu vitula, et hic*— With respect to Mr. Pott, we understand he desired to see Dr. Hunter’s preparations before he published his pamphlet, and was permitted to examine them with the utmost freedom. He might, therefore, have taken notice of this circumstance; and in that case he would have been exempted from all suspicion of arrogating to himself a discovery which he did not make. Indeed we think it would have been but common justice to mention all the three who had preceded him in these curious researches.

* * * Whereas Mess. N—le have declared their intention to prosecute the authors or publishers of the *Critical Review*, for having falsely, maliciously, and scandalously insinuated, that they had professedly exercised the office of midwives, in delivering authors of souterkins in wit; all those unhappy persons who have been delivered of such souterkins by the said Mess. N—le, are desired, for the sake of truth, to give evidence on the trial. Then we make no doubt it will be proved to the satisfaction of all the world, that the said Mess. N—le not only practised the obstetric art in such cases, but also made and drank brown caudle with their authors *in the straw*, and endeavoured to rear their monstrous productions, to the great annoyance of the public, and disgrace of the nation; though providentially not one of them survives.

